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**MEN
AND
MOVEMENTS**

M. J. O'DONOGHUE
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A Tribute
to My Friend
The Hon. Eamonn De Valera, M.A., D.L.D.
President of the Irish Republic,
Apostle of Freedom
and
Beloved Leader of the Celtic Race
Throughout the World

Introduction

This little book will fill a long felt want in the field of information on the Irish Cause. There has been so much misrepresentation of the Irish Cause in the columns of the press and in magazine articles, all specially paid for and written for the purpose of false propaganda, that it is not to be wondered at that we meet Americans, for the most part broad-minded and fair, turning a deaf ear to the pleadings of the most worthy cause presented to our people.

We have always found that sincere lovers of liberty, real Americans, no matter what their race or lineage, are always willing to accept the truth and espouse the cause of right. To such I say, read the following pages of this little book and I am sure you will come to but one conclusion:—Ireland has the right to her sovereignty and, therefore, must be free.

It is with sincere pleasure that we write these few words introducing a little work which we feel will accomplish much for a Great Cause.

F. X. McCABE, C. M.

Armistice Day, 1919.

President De Paul University.

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Edited and Published by

M. J. O'Donoghue

Lecturer at College of St. Teresa

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Men and Movements

Every century has its land marks of remarkable men and more or less far-reaching movements. They are as it were periodical ebullitions of the human intellect in the road of civilization and human progress. Men of towering intellect and outstanding personality create the movements and the movements thus created become the material of universal history. The present century will no doubt be a beacon light to future generations for having given birth to the four great movements of modern times: The Sinn Fein movement; the Dramatic movement; the New Revelation or Spiritualist movement; and the Co-operative movement.

It is perhaps one of the ironies of history that the most oppressed, opposed and vilified races in the world today, should have cradled and fostered these movements, and given birth to most of the men who are the acknowledged leaders of them. The Celtic race having failed by force of arms "to win a place in the sun," overshadowed by the might and splendor of a mighty empire, has thrown forth its challenge for world recognition by the splendid intellect, idealism, culture, and mental superiority of its people.

The "Fourteen Points" of President Wilson, to vindicate which the world rose in arms against Prussian Militarism, were embodied ten years ago in the doctrines of the Sinn Fein movement. The "Rights of Small Nations," "Freedom of the Seas" the League of Nations Covenant, were household words in Dublin, while King and Kaiser were still dining from the gold plate stolen from the Irish Parliament, at Buckingham Palace, and their diplomats were partitioning Africa, Asia, and China among themselves. The doctrine of the freedom of small nations will forever be associated with the names of Pearse, Griffith and De Valera. History repeats itself, and demoralized Europe is today looking to the spiritual store-house of the Emerald Isle, as it looked in the Dark Ages, to rescue it from the chaos of moral and mental ruin to which British Imperialism and German Philosophy have reduced it.

The acknowledged leaders of European drama such as Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Strindberg and Shaw, are as we know, men who do not profess to believe in the existence of a personal God. Their teachings must therefore be extremely injurious to the present rising generation. They scoff at the sacred institutions of marriage, family life and all old fashioned religion. Yet thousands of people in this glorious land of freedom and high ideals gloat over the productions of these pagans, and talk by the hour on their art and philosophy. But thinking men everywhere realize the baneful effects of their teaching on the young generation of today, and are turning for higher conceptions of life and things eternal to the drama of Ireland. The success of the Irish Dramatic Movement, then, is due to its wholesome philosophy and sane religious teaching, as well as the high moral tone of the plays. The Irish dramatist has a spiritual store-house to draw on, large enough to satisfy the spiritual cravings of all mankind.

Closely linked with these movements are the phenomena of Spiritual-

ism, which is now the craze among fashionable circles in England and America. The Spiritist movement is nothing new. The phenomena of the Seance were well known in Ireland in the days of St. Patrick. The Chroniclers describe for us how the Druids produced identical phenomena in the presence of the great apostle himself, and how Patrick by his incantations drove the evil spirits to flight. The Irish of today have innumerable prayers and incantations for counteracting the evil agencies of these spirit intelligences. In view of what is known today of spiritistic phenomena, most people will be astonished to learn that the Irish peasant has been acquainted for centuries with the existence of spirit intelligences, and their varied manifestations and manipulation of the human mind; and in order to meet this terrible foe of Christian belief he has evolved a spirit world of his own, backed by all his deep faith in a personal God, to combat their agencies. The Irish belief in Fairies then, is not a superstitious practice, but the strong conviction of a highly intellectual and spiritual race in the existence and power of a world of evil and malignant spirits.

All Scientific investigators of psychic phenomena now admit the existence of spirit intelligences who can exercise extraordinary power over the human mind and the human organism, and whose teachings are entirely subversive of Christianity. The existence of these spirit agencies are well known, as I have said, to the Irish peasant who has created out of his own consciousness, supported by Divine Grace, all the mental and spiritual machinery necessary to combat the teachings of these spirit intelligences. There is nothing new then in Spiritism—no new doctrine, no new Revelation. As Dr. Raupert declares: "The phenomena of Spiritism are no new discoveries of Science, or a new light which has come into the world, but a revival in scientific and systematic form of that practice of necromancy and magic with which most pagan races were and are only too well acquainted, and which was discontinued wherever the light of true Christianity found entrance and belief." Furthermore it is the opinion of the same distinguished authority that much of the sufferings of the Irish people is indirectly due to these spirit agencies who display the most intense hatred to the Irish because of their great Faith, missionary zeal and unshakeable Christian belief. In this connection it is an interesting fact that the cult of spiritism finds its most congenial home among the English Tory Aristocracy, the hereditary foes of the Gael. It is also an interesting fact that tho the two most distinguished disciples and investigators of the spiritist cult are Celts—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle of London and Professor Crawford of Belfast—neither the seance nor the teachings of spiritism have found any foothold among the people of the Emerald Isle.

Finally the Co-Operative Movement of which A. E. Russel, the Dublin poet, is the chief exponent, has already acquired a world wide reputation. Several European countries, including England itself, have sent delegations of experts to study and report on the Irish system. The Farmer's Co-Operative League of the Dakotas is based on the principles of the Irish co-operative system and the success already attained by it is sufficient proof of the soundness of the economic principles underlying it. Ireland herself has made marvellous strides in industrial progress in recent

years in spite of the oppressive measures of the British Parliament to kill the native manufactures. The Cork Industrial Association—a by-product of the Co-Operative Movement is known all over Europe and America, especially in connection with the establishment of a Ford motor factory in Cork. The Irish Republican Commonwealth thru the medium of its hundreds of clubs throughout the country is based on the co-operative system and the fact that all the military power of the British Empire cannot suppress it, is a proof that it is based on principles as fundamental as eternity itself, because it is a government of the people themselves.

In opposition to the political and economic principles of the Irish Republican Commonwealth, is the super-imposed legislation of an alien parliament supported at the point of the bayonet. The Irish poor laws for instance constitute one of the greatest scandals of civilization. Large sums of money drawn from the pockets of the Irish poor are yearly appropriated by an alien government for the maintenance of institutions known as “poor-houses” the inmates of which are chiefly tramps and derelicts from the slums and prisons of England and Scotland. To add to this scandalous perversion of civic legislation a large staff of officials called the local Government Board, is maintained from public money to run these institutions. Most of these high salaried officials are Englishmen and Scotchmen, who while the pleasant hours away at the notorious Kildare St. Club in Dublin. In my article entitled the “Shiuler,” I have outlined the system by which Irish hospitality provides for the needs of the poor. No poor laws are needed in a land where true Christian Charity is practiced in its highest and most ideal form.



The Cult of the Anglo Saxon

(From America.)

For many years past, in season and out of season, Americans have been assured by journalists and historians that we are an Anglo-Saxon people and that to the Anglo-Saxons we owe our civilization and democratic institutions. Our national genius is Puritan, so the story runs, our very Constitution itself, writ in the blood of martyrs, is only a revised edition of Magna Charta. This falsification of American history has been common in this country and abroad for the past two or three decades. And so great is the power of a narrow press that men not of Anglo-Saxon origin are made to feel that they should protest their loyalty to America and attempt to reconcile their religious beliefs and practices to the absurd and preposterous claims of a supposed Anglo-Saxon nationalism. This servile protestation of a loyalty which is bred in our bone, would be ridiculous and childish were it not so tragic and unworthy a great race.

Writing in the Atlantic Monthly for October, 1896, Dr. Eliot, once of Harvard, states:

"It is a great mistake to suppose that the process of assimilating foreigners began in the nineteenth century. The eighteenth century provided the Colonies with a great mixture of peoples although the English race then as now predominated. When the Revolution broke out there were already English, Scotch, Dutch, German, French, Portuguese and Swedes in the Colonies."

A reader of this article, noticing the strange omission of any mention of the Irish element, then the most numerous and powerful in the Colonies, called Dr. Eliot's attention to the matter, in a letter bristling with an array of convincing facts. In his reply Dr. Eliot wrote:

"I shall have to confess that I omitted the Irish, because I did not know that they were an important element in the population of the Colonies in the eighteenth century. My ignorance of the early Irish population is doubtless due to provincialism."

A very interesting admission in view of the fact that history gives ample testimony of the great part played by the Irish in founding the Republic and shaping its destinies.

The first man killed in the Boston massacre, the first overt act of the Revolution, was Patrick Carr, an Irishman. Among those who assisted in pitching the tea into Boston harbor were Thompson and Hugh Maxwell, both Irishmen. The capture of New Castle, the first fort taken in the Revolution was the work of Majors John Sullivan and John Langdon. For this exploit both were elected to Congress. Sullivan was appointed Brigadier-General and commanded the northern division of the Continental Army. He became attorney general and twice governor of New Hampshire. His brother became governor of Massachusetts. John Stark, who led the New Hampshire men at Bunker Hill, was one of the most famous men in New England, while General Knox, an Irishman, was Washington's most trusted adviser. Joseph Reed was private secretary to Washington. He was offered a bribe of \$50,000 by the British to desert the

cause of the Colonies, an offer he rejected with scorn. Colonel Fitzgerald was Washington's favorite aide-de-camp.

The famous Irish "Brigade of Pennsylvania," led by Colonels Wayne, Stuart, Irwin and Butler, was the crack corps of the Continental Army. It was selected by Washington to guard West Point after the discovery of Arnold's treason. Many of the famous engagements of the Revolution were led by Irishmen. Stark, at Bennington; Morgan, at Cowpens; Wayne at Stony Point, and Andrew Pickens at Eutaw, are examples in point. The leading spokesmen at the first council of war, held by Washington at Cambridge in 1775, were Generals Richard Montgomery and Richard Sullivan, and fully one-third of the active chiefs of Washington's army were of Irish birth or descent. William Gregg, who commanded the vanguard at Bennington, the Gibson Brothers, whose sharpshooters were called the "Gibson Lambs;" Captain Jasper of Fort Moultrie; John Kelly, who covered Washington's retreat from Trenton; Colonel Alexander Martin of Brandywine fame, were all Irish. So were Generals Lewis, Roche, Hand, Clinton, Rutherford, Thompson and Butler. Twelve of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Irish. There were no Scotch-Irish in those days. That term, along with the Anglo-Saxon myth, was invented one hundred and twenty-five years later.

In Collins' "History of Kentucky" it is stated that James McBride was the first man to enter its borders "paddling his canoe up the Kentucky river in 1743." In 1769 Daniel Boone was accompanied by James Mooney, John Finley and William Cool; and they in turn were followed by Captain Grattan, John Toole and John McManus. Captain Flynn, John Reilly and Francis Dunleavy were the founders of Columbia. Major McGarvy, McBride and Bolger with Boone were the great Indian fighters at that time in Kentucky. At least twenty fortified stations in Kentucky bear Irish names and eleven counties in Kentucky bear the names of Irishmen. There is hardly a Gaelic name in Ireland that was not represented in Kentucky after the Revolution, so much so indeed that Henry Clay once declared that Kentucky was "the Ireland of America."

When in 1765 Franklin gave up all hope on the passage of the Stamp Act it was Charles Thompson, an Irishman, then Secretary of the Continental Congress, who again rekindled the flame of freedom. "The sun of liberty is set," wrote Franklin, "and Americans must now light the lamps of industry and economy." Be assured, answered Thompson, "We shall light torches of quite another kind." Thompson was one of the most noted men of his time and second only to Washington in popular esteem.

In the history of the "Hibernian Society and the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," published in 1892, the authors give the names and official stations of 399 officials of the highest order furnished by this Society to the State and nation in early days. Among them were three Presidents of the United States. In passing it may be noted that Washington himself, though not an Irishman, was a member of the Friendly Sons.

Commodore Barry, the father of the American navy, was a Wexford man. Barry's prizes from one voyage alone, when sold in French ports, brought the American Government \$3,000,000 at a time when money was sorely needed. In Abbot's "Blue Jackets" it is recorded how Barry, with twenty-seven men in open row boats, captured the warship "Alert"

of ten guns, and four consort vessels, and took 500 prisoners. It was Barry's destruction of war and trading vessels that struck terror into the hearts of the enemy and finally compelled their merchants to petition the Government for peace.

As a matter of fact the Anglo-Saxon element was an insignificant minority in the armies of the Revolution. Lecky, in his "History of the American Revolution," speaking of the composition of the American army, says:

"One of the most remarkable documents relating to the state of opinion in America is the examination of Galloway, late Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, by a committee of the House of Commons in June, 1779. Galloway was asked the following question: What in the service of Congress were they chiefly composed of, natives of America? Or was the greatest part of them English, Irish or Scotch? Galloway answered: 'The names and places of their nativity being taken down, I can answer the question with precision; scarcely one-quarter were natives of America; about one-half were Irish. The other one-quarter, English and Scotch.'"

Plowden, the historian, declared: "It is a fact beyond question that most of the early successes in America were due to the vigorous exertions and prowess of the Irish emigrants who bore arms in the cause." Lord Mountjoy declared in the House of Lords that England lost America by Ireland.

Turning to the educational life of the Colonies in the eighteenth century and after, we find ample records of the same heroic and noble service rendered by the Irish in training the youth and forming the ideals of young America. Chief Justice Roger Taney and Webster, the lexicographer, were both trained by Irish tutors. Webster derived much of the inspiration for his monumental work from his teacher, Edward Evans. Francis Allison, called the "schoolmaster of Pennsylvania," was a native of Donegal. In 1741 he established a school in New London. This was the original of the present Delaware College. Three of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence were his pupils. Later on he became head of the academy which grew into the "College of Philadelphia," and is now the University of Philadelphia. An Irish colony was mainly responsible for the establishment and success of Lafayette College. The people of New Sweden, according to the historian Anrélius, were utterly illiterate until some Catholic teachers came from Ireland and established subscription schools "to teach children their letters." There is hardly a county in Pennsylvania that, in the early days of its struggle, is not associated with the name of some Irish schoolmaster. John Hart, a native of Cavan, was one of the original founders of public education in Maryland. Chief Justice Taney was at one time his pupil and he always spoke of him with grateful respect. In 1749 Robert Alexander founded Augusta Academy which later grew into Washington and Lee University. Archibald Murphy was the father of the "common schools" in North Carolina. Smith in his "History of Georgia" says the colonists in the early days had neither schools nor teachers "save now and then a wandering Irishman." In New Jersey, according to Clayton, "the earliest teachers were smart, passably educated, young Irishmen." James McSparran, a native of Derry, was one of the founders of Brown University. We read in Gould's "History of Rhode

Island College" that the first funds were raised in Ireland and its earliest teachers were Kelly, O'Dwyer, Connor and McCormack. From a contemporary record we learn that in 1718, in New Hampshire, a schoolmaster was appointed as successor to "Ye late schoolmaster Humphrey Sullivan." In 1734 Edward Fitzgerald was a teacher at Boscawen, N. H., and "Master O'Nale was appointed at Weare, N. H., in 1792." Ten Kelleys appear in a list of teachers in New Hampshire alone before the close of the eighteenth century.

"Log College" at Neshaming was founded in 1728 by William Tennant, an Irishman. This college was the spiritual ancestor of Princeton University which has so many Irish traditions. The famous Bishop Berkely, who was a native of Kilkenny, was a teacher in the North American Colonies in his young days. He founded a college for the Indians. When leaving America he left his magnificent collection of books to Yale University, thus enriching it with the finest library in the land. It was during his residence at Rhode Island that he wrote "Alciphron" or the minute philosopher. The brilliant, and somewhat eccentric statesman, John Randolph, was educated by a Dr. Cochrane, an Irishman. The colonial records of Maryland and Delaware speak of the Irishman "in peace, teachers; in war, soldiers," a record they seem to have lived up to from the time Columbus discovered America, "with a Connaughtman among his crew, down to the present day.

This also explains the fact why the trail of the Irish teacher in American records becomes obscure after 1774. The gentle teacher became the fighting patriot. The town-clerks' records of village educators, which up to now bristled with Irish names, henceforth bear only the roll of honor of soldiers. Another reason why it is so difficult to obtain a complete list of the men of Irish blood engaged in the profession of teaching in the Colonies, is no doubt due to the harsh laws passed against Irishmen by the New Englanders. One of these enacted that "Irishmen should dress like Englishmen and wear their beards after the English fashion, take English surnames such as Sutton, Brown, Green, Cook," etc., and it further enacted that they should use these names under pain of "forfeiting their goods." Another law enacted that a tax of twenty shillings should be levied on "Irish servants." The New Englander evidently had curious ideas about freedom and democracy.

It would be interesting here to trace the influence of the Celt in the molding and development of American literature, but such an attempt would lead us beyond the scope of this paper.

Another myth sedulously spread amongst us is that English-speaking people are mostly Anglo-Saxon. This is quite untrue. England herself is not Anglo-Saxon. When the Normans invaded England she was inhabited by Angles, Jutes, Saxons and Danes. Wales, Cornwall and Cumberland were entirely Celtic. After the Conquest the Anglo-Saxon tongue was proscribed. Norman French was the language of polite society, while Anglo-Saxon was driven into the fields, the stables and the kitchen. The English language as spoken in England and America today contains very few Anglo-Saxon words. Modern English bears about the same relation to Anglo-Saxon that Spanish does to Gothic or French to the old high German of the Franks.

Here then is the truth about the Anglo-Saxon race and language.

Indeed, it would be safe to say that scarcely five per cent of the American people can lay claim to a purely Anglo-Saxon lineage. What good end can the preposterous claim of an Anglo-Saxon nationalism serve? Who were the Anglo-Saxons anyway, except the savage hordes of German tribesmen who drove back the Pietish and Celtic ancestors of our Irish-American Presidents. What interest can the countrymen of Lafayette and Foch have in a feud in behalf of Anglo-Saxon blood, or the countrymen of Pulaski and Mercier? As one writer has well said:

"The American who now raises the flag of Anglo-Saxon nationalism raises a meaningless symbol which insults the pride of millions of his fellow countrymen and most of the Allies and may well challenge the Orient to muster and drill her millions for the next war."

No! American civilization and ideals are not an Anglo-Saxon product, nor do we inherit our charter of liberties from Magna Charta, which, according to Lord Macaulay, was the achievement of a Catholic bishop whose father was an Irishman. G. K. Chesterton went so far as to say in Dublin last September, that our representative institutions of the day are not of Anglo-Saxon origin, but like all good things come from Greece and Rome and the Mediterranean region. It is also well for us to remember that Otis' pamphlets, following Locke, appeared and were well known here, a year before the publication of Rosseau's *Contrat Social*. The political and civil ideals of the American commonwealth then go even further back in old Catholic days when "Government of the people, by the people and for the people," was popular. American ideals are the ideals of just men in all ages, of Washington, Barry and the Fafayettes and Pulaskis of all time. They are the ideals for which the Irish, the Poles and the Belgians have again and again made the supreme sacrifice under-going even the scorn of all mankind rather than forego the sacred cause of liberty.

The American commonwealth was founded at a period of great intellectual expansion by men of international outlook and sympathies. Hence it is that in every great crisis of her history America has appealed to the tribunal of the world to pass judgement on the justice of her cause. Hence it is that the fathers of the American Republic regarded neither race nor creed when it was a question of human liberty, democracy and equality. For instance, it was a Catholic prelate, Bishop Carroll, a prelate of the world's noblest Church whom the American Congress thought fit to preach the panegyric of George Washington, the world's greatest hero. It was another great prelate, Archbishop Hughes, whom America sent to preach the justice of her cause in the Civil War, to the peoples of France and Spain and at the Vatican, and incidentally to establish the glorious principle of international rather than national allegiance. Such were the men and such the principals that made America the promised land of all the nations and the champion of human liberty and world democracy.

Sinn Fein and Its Founders

(Written for the "Evening American.")

There is no question before America today upon which public opinion is so badly informed as the question of Ireland. I assert this, having in mind the great desire on the part of the people of America to be properly informed and with the highest admiration for the sense of justice and fair play which distinguishes my fellow-countrymen. Yet it is a fact that Americans have only one side of the question, and that is the English side. English diplomacy so far has succeeded in preventing Americans from getting the Irish side of the question. But a great American once said "that you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." I believe the time has now come when no power on earth can prevent the people of this country from getting at the full truth about Ireland and at a time too when the American mind is fully resolved to act upon that truth.

The story of Ireland today is the story of the Sinn Fein movement. To understand Sinn Fein is to understand the Irish question. The true history of Sinn Fein and its founders should be a matter of common information to all liberty-loving Americans.

When England in 1900 depleted her garrisons in Ireland during the Boer War, the Nationalist forces did not even make a demonstration in favor of National Independence. Even during the "Black Week," when the soldiers of the Boer Republic were sweeping the British red-coats in a mad rush towards Cape Town, and nearly every British soldier in Ireland was ordered to the front, Ireland was as peaceable as an English Shire. The National spirit was dead or seemingly so. John Redmond had recently declared in a speech that Irish Independence was "impossible and undesirable" and the Irish people seemed to acquiesce in that statement. The turbulent Irish were quietly taking their place as a colony of the British Empire. It was at this time that Joseph Chamberlain with the usual British arrogance thought fit to taunt the few spirits that still clung to the hope of a free Ireland—"We hardly left a British soldier in Ireland," said he, "and yet we were able to ignore you."

But Joseph Chamberlain had not reckoned with the splendid tenacity of the Celt. Even at this time a small group of scholars and enthusiasts were working quietly for the regeneration of Ireland. The little band of Gaelic League workers, ignored and despised by the statesmen of the Empire, were educating the Irish people in the gospel of Nationality. The Resurrection of the language and native culture of Ireland was to make the idea of Irish nationalism richer and more militant than ever before. While Patrick Pearse was studying Irish in the peasant huts of the Arran Islanders, and Madame Markievicz was trying to better the lot of the peasant farmers on her father's vast estate in Connemara the rising tide of Irish Nationalism was drawing these divergent spirits, with all they represented, into a common bond of sympathy in the Gaelic Movement. Protestant and Catholic at last had met on a common platform, and their motto was the same, "Ireland for the Irish."

About this time there appeared in Dublin a gentle, spiritual-faced little man, who in a few years was to revolutionize Irish politics and whose genius was to give a new character and impetus to the struggle for Irish independence. His name was Arthur Griffith, a name that will go down in Irish history as the father and founder of Sinn Féin, and which, in years to come, will be coupled with those of Washington and Lincoln as the father and savior of his country and the champion of true democracy. He had been a miner in South Africa, had read widely and travelled much. One would hardly have recognized in Arthur Griffith a distinguished personality. He was a stoutly-built, medium-sized man, of shy and retiring disposition. He could be seen at political gatherings in Dublin, usually standing by the door and taking, apparently, only a passive interest in the proceedings. He wore large magnifying glasses, which completely hid the working of his features. He was a moveless person—one who could take success or failure with equal equanimity. Yet beneath that passive exterior was a soul of adamant which burnt with a consuming love for Ireland. He was a brilliant raconteur and his knowledge of men and places was peculiarly deep and intimate—a trait which stood him well in after years. Griffith's peculiar talent was his genius for propaganda. His wide experience of the world and intimate acquaintance with European politics marked him out from the first as peculiarly fitted to save a hopeless cause. He was given the editorship of a little paper called the "United Irishman," which was founded on the apparently forlorn hope of reviving the idea of Irish independence.

Griffith's preaching and personality soon made itself felt among political circles in the Capital. The separatist Journal attracted the attention of the Gaelic League and the young poets and writers which the Gaelic League Movement was fostering began to contribute to its pages.

The "United Irishman" soon became one of the leading literary papers in the country. Yeats and A. E. lent the prestige of their names to enhance its reputation. Aspiring poets and dramatists saw their first contributions in its pages. Griffith worked unceasingly to insure its success and in his paper he mooted and backed up the idea of an Irish theatre, which was afterwards realized in the establishment of the Abbey Theatre by Miss A. E. Horniman. He wrote articles appealing for the language, culture and industries of the country. He lashed with cutting sarcasm those who supported the British occupation and he directed his ire in particular against Redmond and his party, whom he considered to be the dupes of the subtle policy of English Statesmen.

Griffith now compiled two pamphlets, one of them called "A Ballad History of Ireland," in which in a romantic and soul-stirring epic he told the story of the Celts in Europe and in Ireland. This pamphlet, written in language limped as morning dew, and glowing with enthusiasm, sent a thrill of pride through the Irish nation. He followed this up with a series of articles entitled "The Resurrection of Hungary—a Parallel for Ireland." This was published in pamphlet form and had an immense circulation. In it was contained the gospel of Sinn Féin, which was still to undergo many modifications before it was recognized as practical politics. But it heralded the first faint gleam of a glorious dawn.

Griffith's Doctrine of Sinn Fein.

Griffith's argument was somewhat as follows:

The political domination of Ireland by Britain became possible only when her parliamentary representatives forsook the policy of Parnell. They asked for Home Rule, a mere system of local autonomy, which made the Irish question a domestic one in British politics instead of making it an International issue.

What the Irish representatives should do was to revoke the Constitution of 1782—the Constitution of Henry Grattan and have their own King, Lords and Commons. Hungary had accomplished this by revoking a similar constitution and thus made herself the partner and not the slave of Austria. While accomplishing this result she started to strengthen her local authority and to pursue a policy of passive resistance to Austria. This should be the parallel for Ireland. Let her representatives abstain from the British Parliament, for if they believed in the constitution of 1782, they must reject the Union of 1802, and therefore, logically reject the authority of the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain, which recognized it. This policy stressed the importance of individual initiative, of making Dublin the center of national aspirations and effort instead of casting longing eyes towards Westminster and the British Empire. At first it was called the Hungarian policy but gradually its character and motive was appropriately expressed in two Gaelic words "Sinn Fein" (We Ourselves).

This doctrine launched by Arthur Griffith ten years ago at first gained few adherents. The idea was too abstract and besides the majority of the Irish people had never heard of the Constitution of 1782. The easy-going Dubliners looked with amused contempt upon the Sinn Fein policy, which they dubbed epigrammatically as "Christian Science in Politics." "Why should Irishmen," they asked, "acknowledge Edward or George as their King because the Hungarians acknowledged the Emperor of Austria as theirs? Why the formula of 'Kings, Lords and Commons?' Ireland wanted a policy and not a formula."

To criticism and contempt, however, Griffith remained equally unmoved. He continued to draw attention to Deak of Hungary or to Liszt the economist of Germany. Sinn Fein contested an election and was beaten. It started an evening paper and failed. Redmond and the party were sweeping everything before them. Yet the young men of Ireland were sick and tired of the Party with its slavish adhesion to British policies and ideals, and wanted something vital and tangible in national politics. Griffith had accurately gauged the trend and temper of young Ireland and he knew he had only to abide his time to see the vindication of his principles. A few months ago in Dublin he witnessed that triumph when he sat in the temporary Irish Parliament in the Mansion House near Stephens Green. There, surrounded with the youth and chivalry of Ireland, pledged to defend his principles with their lives, surely his heart must have filled with a holy joy, when he realized the weary years of sorrow and disappointment through which he had passed still clinging like a shipwrecked mariner to the one policy that could make Ireland a nation in fact as well as in theory.

The remarkable success of the Sinn Fein Policy, which has now assumed the proportions of a world movement, has brought its founders

into the limelight of world prominence. The original doctrine of Sinn Fein has been considerably modified to suit the principles of the New Republican Party. The only radical change, however, has been that Ireland no longer asks to be the partner of Britain. She demands her inalienable right to the status of an independent nation. In the reconstituted party, Griffith is one of the three vice-presidents. His marvellous magnanimity in asking his fellowworkers to elect De Valera, a comparatively young man, to be head of the party he founded proves the utter sincerity and large mindedness of the man. It also proves his foresight and judgment, for De Valera is already recognized as one of the world's great leaders. His youth and fearlessness, his captivating personality, his hauteur and more than British sang-froid and level-headedness, has made him the idol of the Irish nation and one of the most trusted, admired, and beloved, of Ireland's many leaders. After his election, Griffith announced that the Irish had now a leader who was not only a soldier but also a statesman. The British press was recently obliged reluctantly, to verify his forecast by acknowledging the fact that De Valera had baffled and beaten their ablest politicians and diplomats.

The other vice-president is Owen MacNeill. Here again Griffith displayed remarkable foresight and judgment. At the reorganization of the party twelve months ago the re-election of Owen MacNeill as one of the executive heads of the reconstituted Sinn Finn was opposed owing to his vacillation before the Easter week rebellion. Griffith immediately threw in his great influence on the side of MacNeill, declaring Ireland had no more devoted son than he. "I believe," said Griffith, "that Owen MacNeill, with the great responsibility he had on his shoulders, did his duty without fear—not of death, but without fear of being misunderstood."

Nor had he ever regretted his decision. Owen MacNeill is the most intellectual, tactful and shrewd of the Sinn Fein leaders. His brilliant and scholarly articles in the "London Nation," the "English Review" and other leading liberal papers, have won the admiration and sympathy of many fairminded Englishmen. They have to a great extent won over the labor democracy of England in favor of the Irish cause.

Griffith with De Valera and MacNeill are now the executive heads of the Sinn Fein movement, and they control the destinies of the Irish nation.

England is employing all her vast resources of propaganda to stem the onward march of Sinn Fein in spite of the fact that the principles of Sinn Fein are in perfect accord with those set forth by President Wilson. She has directed all her vast and subtle power to poison the minds of the American people against the Sinn Fein leaders and the democracy they represent. Even red-blooded Americans can be won over to carry on this subtle propaganda. Recently an American correspondent described the Irish democracy as a howling vociferous mob, and, comparing it with the stolid, impassive British people, he exclaims, "how can these two peoples ever understand each other?" After sneering at the hysteric oratory of Madame Markievicz, whose guest he happened to be, he goes on to say that his hostess preached Bolshevism to her constituents, and that she seemed to be animated only by a desire for notoriety. This is a good sample of the propaganda that is spread broadcast through this free land of America to poison the minds of its freedom-loving people against the

struggling young Irish nation. An American newspaper man has prostituted the honor and chivalry of Americans, by bespattering the character of one of Erin's noblest daughters, who in her hospitable Irish way treated him as her guest of honor while she harangued her constituents on her policies and motives. Any American who thus acts as a spy and propagandist to a foreign cause, and tries to vilify a generous and warm-hearted people deserves the contempt and even the hatred of his fellow-countrymen.

Hence, I declare Americans should know something about the careers of the noble men and women, whom the paid agents of an alien power thus revile and malign. When a renegade American accepts the gold of a foreign nation, and violates the sacred principles of hospitality, to act as spy and propagandist, it is surely time for Americans to safe-guard the honor and chivalry of their country.

The marvellous re-awakening of the Celtic Matherland has sent a thrill of pride and pleasure thru the hearts of millions of the scattered Gael. The remarkable personalities that have appeared in recent times in Ireland and the almost lavish display of phenomenal leadership in letters, art and politics, has attracted the attention of a war weary world once again to the "Land of Saints and Scholars." The popular war slogans "Rights of Small Nations," "World Democracy," "Government by Consent of the Governed," were all enunciated in Dublin a dozen years ago, while the men who sponsored them were yet unknown to fame. A cursory survey of the leading personalities of contemporary Ireland should be of paramount interest to every American, who wishes to understand the question of Ireland's freedom.

Dr. Douglas Hyde is, unquestionably, the outstanding figure of the Celtic Renaissance. He is the founder of the Gaelic League and the author of a history of Irish literature, and some half dozen other volumes of songs, dramas, and literary essays. He has revolutionized the whole system of National Education, and restored the language, history and literature of Ireland to its ancient place of honor. A son of a west of Ireland Clergyman, he studied for orders at Trinity College, Dublin, but by a strange freak of fate, not uncommon in a land of paradoxes, he became obsessed with the idea of reviving the ancient language, literature and customs of Ireland. With an enthusiasm and abandon characteristic of the man he abandoned an assured and brilliant career, broke from the traditions and ties of his training and caste to become a teacher of Gaelic. He fought the professors of his old Alma Mater when they wanted to throw Gaelic out of the Curricula of the Secondary and Elementary schools. To prove how far behind in the world was Trinity College in scholarship, he invited to Ireland several famous scholars who proved conclusively before the Educational Commission that Gaelic literature was at least equal to that of Greece or Rome. And one of the foreign savants declared that Irish could do for Ireland what Latin had done for Europe. After the testimony of the European literati had been published broadcast the Irish language became overnight a fashionable cult. Only one year later Miss Norma Borthwick, a niece of Lord Glenesk, received the first prize in the Oireachtas Festival in Dublin for an essay in Gaelic. And a few years later on Lord Ashbourne would not speak English on the streets of Dublin.

He fought the Education Board and compelled it to make Irish a subject of study in the elementary schools. Dr. Hyde's great work lay in breaking down the wall of intrenched prejudice and ascendancy that opposed any and every effort at national regeneration. Dr. Hyde has shown the present writer letters he received from prominent men and women of his own social world who roundly abused him for his work of De-Anglicising Ireland, and associating "with peasants, outlaws and Fenians." He became an outcast from his class and creed but he was amply repaid by the love, admiration and esteem of the down-trodden race whose cause he espoused with such self-sacrifice and personal loss. "The Creeveen Aoivin" became one of the best known and beloved names by the Irish firesides. Along with Owen MacNeill his collaborator and co-founder of the Gaelic League, Dr. Hyde may be said to have resurrected the Irish nation as it stands today. He is the father of the great Renaissance which has carried Ireland by leaps and bounds into the fore front of modern nationalities.

After the first Gaelic Oireachtas (the Irish National Festival) was held in 1901, the "Speaker" a London Liberal weekly wrote about it, with prophetic foresight: "The Crusade" of which the Irish literary and musical festivals (the Oireachtas and Feis Ceoil) are the outward and visible expression of the moment, is a new-born protest against the naturalistic movement; realism is bankrupt; founded on the fallacy that man lives on bread alone, it was doomed from its inception to sterility and decay. The Revival of idealism today is of far deeper significance than it could possibly have been at any earlier stage of history and consequently the vitality of the Celtic temperament, as shown by the new movement in Ireland, is a phenomenon of far more than passing import.

"More than once the Celt has purified English literature with ideals. The names of Thomson, of Burns, of Burke, of Scott, to mention but these, represent sources from which that literature drew fresh life and purity. Whether, as his enemies maintain, the Celt is doomed to inefficiency and failure in practical life, he has certainly in that fascinating nature of his, depths of intellectual force which nurtured the strongest spirits the world has known, and is not likely to fail in the future. In a very true sense the victory is often to the weak; and we believe that Ireland, hampered and stifled as has been her material life by the force or fraud of the stronger nation, will yet once again capture and enthrall our best minds by the purity and the power of her spiritual and artistic longings."

Such indeed has been the achievement of Dr. Hyde's work. He planted the seed from which Sinn Feinism has sprung. The Sinn Feiners are merely carrying his doctrines to their logical conclusions. Though the Gaelic League was a non-political organization, and though Dr. Hyde resigned from the Presidency, when it became a Sinn Fein institution, it was the nursery in which the Sinn Fein movement was cradled and reared. As Parnell has well said, "You cannot set bounds to the march of a nation."

Owen MacNeill.

Owen MacNeill is now president of the Gaelic League and one of the three vice-presidents of the Sinn Fein party. He founded and organized the Irish Volunteers, of which he is still president. An Ulsterman by birth, he has a keen insight into the character and temperament of the

Orangemen. He attempted to bring the Presbyterian farmers of Ulster (a body of men whom he highly respects) into the national movement and would have succeeded but for the too exclusive national policy of the Irish Party. His reputation and name is almost as great among the Protestant element in Ireland as among the nationalists. He is perhaps the only one of the few Sinn Fein leaders who would receive the vote of all parties in Ireland as first Prime Minister in a self-governing Ireland. Although he tried to stop the Rebellion of Easter Week, he was acquitted by all Sinn Fein Commandants of any but the highest motives. The grandest thing that Pearse ever wrote was the following sentence of Owen MacNeill: "I have done my best for Ireland and Owen MacNeill has done his best." When Madame Markiewicz objected to his re-election last year Professor De Valera declared: "I know it was not hear-say evidence, I know what happened better than any living man. There was no tribunal that understanding what took place would do other than acquit Owen MacNeill of anything like cowardice or dishonor." And so MacNeill was re-elected by the largest vote given to any one other than De Valera himself.

MacNeill is still a Professor of Celtic History at the National University, Dublin. A kindly and shrewd scholar with gray-blue eyes and a fair beard, just turned fifty, he receives many people in his house in Dublin while he smokes his pipe and talks wisely about history and politics. Not a shadow of resemblance in this man of gentle manners and kindly speech to a Lenin or a Trotsky; yet this gentle professor is feared more by the Government of the British Empire than the two Ogres who control the destinies of Russia.

It was perhaps providential that Owen MacNeill was chosen as the head of the Irish Republican Army. Such an organization led by a man of known revolutionary tendencies would have been crushed by the British Government at the very outset. Such is the history of the revolutions led by Smith O'Brien, Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet. But Owen MacNeill was an Ulsterman, a man of academic tastes and well known conservative tendencies as well as a pronounced Home Ruler. An organization led by this gentle professor was looked on as a harmless piece of academic bluff. The present writer had the privilege of being a student under Professor MacNeill during the early years of the Volunteer movement, and at that time would have laughed to scorn the idea that this gentle, lovable University Professor could ever head a revolutionary army. So thought the British Government then, but now the British Government realizes that if it had hanged Owen MacNeill four years ago there would be no Irish Republic today. Firebrands may criticise MacNeill for failing his companions at the fateful moment, but Owen MacNeill did not really fail them. He had accomplished the work which was consummated by the Martyrs of Easter Week. The extraordinary thing was that MacNeill could have travelled so far on the road to revolution and can only be explained by the fact that it is only in a land where misgovernment and persecution have so crushed men's souls that men of saintly character like Owen MacNeill are driven to bloodshed and rebellion.

President De Valera.

Eamonn De Valera is interesting for two reasons: He is the only living member of the rebel commandants of the Easter Week Rebellion,

and he is an American by birth. De Valera was certainly born under a lucky star. He was the most brilliant and aggressive of the rebel leaders and escaped death because of his American citizenship. His Spanish name threw a halo of romance around him in the eyes of the Irish people, the majority of whom still think he is descended from a nobleman left in Ireland by the Spanish Armada. As a matter of fact his father was a Cuban of Spanish extraction, who died shortly after his romance with an Irish colleen in New York. It is said his father was directly descended from one of the Courtiers of Queen Isabella. De Valera at the age of six was taken back to Ireland and reared by his grand-parents at Bruree, County Limerick, where he attended the old national school. His grandparents spoke Gaelic and at the age of 12 De Valera was a fluent Gaelic speaker. From an early age he also learned to speak French and Spanish. He worked his way thru the University by means of scholarships or "Exhibitions" displaying during his course a remarkable aptitude for mathematics. He became a tutor. He had no literary connections. Indeed it may be said of him, as it would not be safe to say of any other one man in the present day political movement that he never wrote a poem in his life. He is a-mathematician, his profession is the teaching of mathematics. The correspondents of the London Press find in him capacity for the quiet management of emotional men and women never before displayed so completely by any Irish leader, and a born mathematician's sense of proportion applied to politics." These characteristics, they write, explain the career of Eamonn De Valera. The two leading organs of British Liberal opinion are quite unanimous in declaring that in any other country in the world outside of Ireland De Valera would now be a statesman in responsible office swaying the destinies of his country. "In a short time," they write, "this genius unfamiliar and mysterious, has converted an obscure and prescribed revolutionary society into the Dominant Irish Political party. He has routed the leadership of the Redmonds, the Dillons and the Devlins combined; revolutionized the attitude of the hierarchy and pitted his wits against the whole British Ascendancy from the great Lloyd George to Sir Edward Carson until he has made them appear ridiculous and inefficient by comparison."

De Valera's character is made up of a curious blend of the Spanish, American and Irish temperaments, and he seems to combine in himself at once all the best and highest characteristics of these three great races. The English papers speak of his personal appearance as fine looking, though one could hardly call him handsome, very athletic, with bones showing he is more the type of the Scotch Highlander than the Irishman. There is something American about him too, in his dash and vehemence and in these qualities which in America would distinguish him as a "Live Wire." His oratorical maner is tragic and imposing, revealing his Iberian descent. He has neither the aristocratic hauteur of Redmond nor the fiery hatred of England which distinguished O'Connell. He is moderate towards the British and goes even so far as to praise their many splendid qualities. And the curious thing is that no other Irish leader has more warm friends among the British in Ireland than De Valera has. They fear and respect him as no Britisher feared and respected another Irish leader before. His courage is superb. When ordered to surrender at Bolands Mill during the Rebellion of 1916 or be

annihilated, he coolly walked out and approached the commanding officer of the British forces, "shoot me," he calmly announced, "but spare my men." The Englishman was so completely overcome by his emotions at such a display of fearlessness and self-sacrifice, that he publicly embraced him and treated him with the greatest courtesy. He received the death sentence calmly while reading his favorite author the "Confessions of Saint Augustine." Afterwards, when the sentence was reversed he displayed no emotion. "Stupid" is the one word he always uses when speaking of the British. "The English," says De Valera, "are not like the Bourbons, who never learned anything and who never forgot anything. The English learn many things but they never know how to apply their knowledge. When a German learns anything he proceeds to apply the knowledge, but an Englishman lets his knowledge accumulate in his head until it becomes solid."

The sensational escape of De Valera from a British prison and his tour through Ireland, organizing his political forces under the eyes of two hundred thousand British soldiers drew the attention of the whole world to the extraordinary personality of Ireland's leader. His phenomenal appearance in America however, while the secret service agents of the British Empire were scouring Europe for his arrest, and the Grand Fleet was patrolling the lanes of the Atlantic to prevent his escape, has thrown a halo of romance around him which has made him the most talked of personality in the world since the days of Napoleon Bonaparte. His reception by the American people is one of the most enthusiastic and extraordinary in American history. From the Atlantic to the Pacific coast his progress has been one great triumphal tour. Church and state alike have vied in giving him honors. All the great American cities have conferred on him their highest civic distinctions. Even the Indians of the great Northwest have made him their "White Chieftan," a distinction never conferred by them on a white man before. Distinguished Americans like Judge Goff of New York, have paid the highest compliments to his extraordinary grasp of political and financial problems and especially to his ability to win men to his point of view. The secret of his charm and genius may be gleaned from the following facts. At a dinner given in his honor at the De Paul University, Chicago, he stated that during his incarceration in British prisons he had made a long and deep study of political and economic science with a view to his future work as the national and international leader of the world's most intellectual race. He later stated that during his next prison term, which will likely be in the near future, he intends writing his thesis for the degree of Doctor of Science. Prison holds no terror for this wonderful personality. Surely the Irish race may be proud of such a leader.

Countess Markievicz.

Madame Markievicz, the Irish Joan of Arc, is undoubtedly "the enfant terrible" of the Irish Movement. A sprig of the old nobility and connected by blood with all the great houses of England, she has brought out in clear relief before the world all the fine chivalry, romance and pathos of the Irish character. The daughter of a wealthy land owner, the belle of Dublin Castle society, equally at home in London, Paris or Warsaw, became the acknowledged leader of the Dublin workingmen, and the heroine of Catholic Ireland. "Conny" Markievicz, as her friends familiarly call her, is the daughter of Sir Henry Gore Booth, one of the

largest land owners in the West of Ireland. Her sister, Miss Eva Gore Booth, is a well known English writer. Madame Markievicz was brought up among the English garrison in Ireland, an atmosphere distinctly alien to everything Irish. Her young days were spent dancing at Dublin Castle balls, where she was the acknowledged belle, or visiting in the homes of the conservative governing classes of England, hunting, driving, shooting—a life certainly not calculated to produce a democrat and revolutionist. But the romantic atmosphere of the Connemara highlands and the freedom and invigorating air of the Irish hillsides, where her riding and shooting became the marvel of a sport-loving race, were moulding a character destined for great things, and her efforts and good will to better the conditions of the famine stricken peasantry of Connemara had already endeared her to the hearts of the Irish long before she made her debut on the platform of national politics. She tried to carry out, according to her lights, the mission of the aristocrat but found she had to deal with a people whose aristocracy of mind and racial pride made her feel rather an inferior and plebeian by comparison. And so, like Emmett, Parnell, Casement and many others of planter stock, she followed the call of the Dark Rosaleen—a call that meant ostracism, persecution, sorrow, and perhaps even death.

When Constance Gore Booth was not working for the social uplift of her father's tenantry she was studying art in Paris, where she met Count Markievicz, a young Polish nobleman, and a fellow student, whom she married. She lived for a short time in Poland, but she soon grew tired of their antique customs and intolerant system of caste. Here again her democratic spirit and warm Irish nature brought her into conflict with the social world of her husband. It is the aristocratic custom in Poland to allow the servants to sleep on the stairs, the door mat, or around the kitchen stove. After a prolonged and heated controversy she compelled her husband to build sleeping quarters for the servants. Polish society, however, was entirely alien to her refined, impulsive, and generous Irish ways. After a short stay she induced her husband to come with her to live in Ireland and so she settled in Dublin. Here her salon soon outvalled that of the famous Madame Roland. Both she and her husband wrote plays and acted them. She became a suffrage leader, a Gaelic Leaguer, a social reformer. She went round asking her friends, "What can I do for Ireland." And then her chance came. The Boy-Scout movement in England under General Baden Powell, had become a great national movement. Baden Powell wrote to Patrick Pearse, whose love for boys was widely known, asking him to form branches of the Boy-Scout movement in Ireland. Pearse refused, but did not propose any alternative plan. Madame Markievicz asked, "Why not form a Boy-Scout Brigade of our own. Why not teach Irish boys to fight for their own country." With characteristic energy she went to work and started an Irish Boy-Scout Brigade in opposition to those of Baden Powell, which would merely teach Irish boys to be loyal to the Empire. She bought a house outside of Dublin and lived there with her boys as a military Amazon. The affair became a national movement over night and Countess Markievicz and her boy scouts became one of the institutions of the Capital. From this started the idea of volunteering and arming the young men of Ireland as a counter-stroke to Edward Carson and his Ulster Volunteers. Madame Markievicz became one of the most uncompromising leaders of

the Sinn Fein Volunteers. She was one of the strike leaders in 1912, and fed thousands of working people in Liberty Hall during the terrible strike of that unhappy period out of her own funds. Her part in the Rebellion is well known. At the elections last November she was unanimously elected by the working-men's division in Dublin to be their parliamentary representative. At the time of her election she was still an inmate of a convict prison in England. In order to rid herself of her last tie with the world of her caste, she became a convert to Catholicism in order she declared, to be one in heart and mind with the brave boys who fearlessly faced death under her command at Stephen's Green. A few months ago she sat in the Republican Parliament in Dublin—the first woman in the history of the British Isles elected to such a position of honor.

Countess Markiewicz is a woman of medium build and of frail looking constitution. But she has received an iron nerve and a well of abundant energy from her early training in the out-door life of Connemara. In manner she is exceedingly gentle and refined, but on the public platform she becomes transformed into a fire-brand, as she denounces with superior contempt, inherited from her Saxon forebears, the men and women of the world, of which she was once the ornament and the idol. She is loved by the poor of Dublin with a love shown by the Irish heart for those only who have won them body and soul.

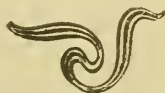
Such is the lady whom an American correspondent described as a frail, hysteric sentimentalist, preaching Bolshevik doctrines in the streets of Dublin. O! tempora! O! mores!

The Objects of Sinn Fein.

The average American citizen who gets his information from a certain section of the daily press is taught to look upon Sinn Fein as a society of irresponsible enthusiasts who have neither property nor standing in the civil or social life of Ireland. To him the Sinn Feiners are represented as a lot of political adventurers who live, move, and have their being, in treason and sedition. He is taught to look upon the British constitution as the counterpart and parent of our own Charter of Liberties, and all who oppose the application of its principles to the government of the unruly Irish are compared to the Blackhanders, Bolsheviks and socialists who are trying to overthrow the American commonwealth. The more loyal and staunch is his Americanism the greater will be his sympathy for the harassed British and the greater will be his aversion to the Irish agitators. He is never taught that the justice dealt out to the Irish people is that defined by Cromwell, "Being when applied to Ireland, and well being where England is concerned." He is taught to look upon men like Sir Horace Plunkett as representative of the Irish democracy and is told that what the Irish people want is to live peaceably with England under a system of Colonial Home Rule. Finally he is told that the whole Irish question is a domestic one for Britain in which no outsider has a right to interfere.

In direct opposition to this propaganda is the Sinn Fein policy which is now supported by five-sixths of the Irish people. They propose to make Ireland a self-governing Republic. Mae Neill has shown in a brilliant article in the English Review that an Irish Republic would not endanger the national life of England. His argument has convinced many notable public men in England, and the Manchester Guardian has endorsed it.

Sir Horace Plunkett, however, speaking recently here in America for the Pro-British Party in Ireland, cynically remarked that for every argument Ireland can put forth for her independence England can put forth five million, each one supported by a bayonet. To this Sinn Fein replies that it hopes to attain its object not by force of arms but by an appeal to the forces that are re-making Europe. It claims that under the doctrine of "Suppressed Sovereignty" Ireland has the right to be represented at the Peace Conference. The Irish Constituent Assembly, representing a decisive majority of the Irish people, has made that claim good. The fact that the Irish Parliament has already convened in Dublin, without interference from the British authorities, proves that the English Government at last recognizes the sovereignty of the Irish people. Even Ulster is silent and sympathetic. The Irish have already drawn up a constitution and proclaimed to the world their Declaration of Independence. The case for Ireland is in fact completed. It now remains for the Peace Conference to put into force the principles for which the war was fought and for which our country has given the wealth and blood of her best citizens. The European Conference is now face to face with the great test of the sincerity of its principles and on this question hangs the fate of the World's Peace. An overwhelming majority of the American people have declared in favor of Ireland's independence. President Wilson declares himself in complete sympathy with Irish aspirations. It now remains to be seen whether the American President will rise to the full height of his great mission by freeing the shackles from the last victim of monarchy and imperial ascendancy in Europe. The Sinn Fein Policy is, therefore, practical and realistic, and it has given the Irish people a sense of solidarity and purpose that they never will lose again. This policy is now supported by the whole of nationalist Ireland; peasants, working people, both men and women, merchants, business men, priests, intellectuals, both men and women, a very alert, a very well educated and as I believe, an exceptionally well led democracy.



The Irish Dramatic Movement

(Lecture given at South Bend, Ind., June 9, 1919.)

The Irish dramatic movement represents what may be called the intellectual side of Sinn Fein, for the men who have created Irish drama and made Dublin one of the world's greatest schools of the Dramatic Art are the men who are today leading the Sinn Fein movement in its onward sweep to victory. Hence in the following paper I want to show you that Sinn Fein has done other things for Ireland and for the world besides arranging revolutions and breaking the skulls of the British paid Irish police. I shall confine myself to what Sinn Fein has done for the drama, and to what its influence has been in purifying the stage and elevating its ideals in this our own fair land of America. I want to show you that the movement is more interesting, the men more remarkable, the intention more distinctive and original than any similar movement in Europe since the Renaissance.

Higher criticism in America today is no longer interested in the home product. Not even our own George Cohan can draw the critics into a discussion of his work. But they never cease in their philosophic twaddle and aesthetic valuations about Ibsen and Maeterlinck and Strindberg, while in the next breath they rush into ecstasies over William Butler Yeats, A. E. Russel, Lord Dunsanny and John Milton Synge, whom the high-brows now describe as the Irish Shakespeare. Bernard Shaw, of course has been identified with the Irish Dramatic Movement but like Halley's comet, he is unique and neither his philosophy nor Shavianism can be said to be in any way typical of the modern Irish drama. The world wide fame attained by the Irish Dramatic movement, and its influence on the American and Continental stage, is one of the most remarkable literary phenomena of recent times. Hence its rise and development should be of paramount interest to every cultured American.

I say that the Irish Dramatic movement has purified the life and elevated the ideals of the American stage. It would be truer for me to say that American drama was practically non-existent until the arrival of Abbey players from Dublin. Before their arrival the plays presented in America were written by Englishmen, by American hacks or by tramps. The drama of Augustus Pitou, drawn from the material of the Boucicault plays which was the vogue in America before the coming of the Irish players, blighted all efforts of the American Irish to elevate or purify the stage. The work and influence of George Cohan in presenting America with genuine drama would never materialize were it not for the inspiration of the Abbey players with their fresh and original plays.

Away back in the eighties the American play was proscribed by many Christian Churches, particularly by the Catholic Church, and severe penances were given for attending plays. A girl who took up the stage as a career in those days became a social outcast. Today nearly half the stage of the English speaking world is said to be Catholic, and this is entirely due to the purifying and elevating influence of genuine Irish

drama. It has uplifted a profession which the blight of Anglicisation had rendered immoral and degraded, and it has brought before the world a true picture of the splendid qualities, the high ideals and the intellectual hegemony of the Irish race.

This brings us to the history of the Irish dramatic movement. This movement concurrently with the Gaelic League was the first manifestation of that spirit known to the world today as the Spirit of Sinn Féin. Politically it is the Irish counterpart to the American challenge "My country right or wrong, but still my country." Intellectually it was a rebellion of the Irish intellectuals against the stage Irishman, and also against the horrors of the low music-hall, and the debauch of musical comedy. Dublin never possessed a creative theatre except for a short time during the Grattan Parliament. Yet Dublin had been always a great school of acting and supplied the English stage with players like Quin, Macklin, Woffington and Miss O'Neill and the playwrights like Sheridan, Kowles, O'Keefe, Farquhar and Oscar Wilde. Until Dion Boucicault took to writing plays, the Irish were known to the theatre going world thru the medium of the stage Irishman.

The stage Irishman is familiar to everybody, but he exists only in the rather stolid imagination of the well-fed Britisher. He was represented in tall hat, green pantaloons, cut away coat, out at the elbows. His pipe appeared sticking out of his hat, his nose was turned up at an angle of 45 degrees. When he spoke, he always made a vulgar joke and his speech was an illiterate brogue never spoken by humans before. He had hardly any sense of right or wrong, but he was endowed with a very keen sense of the vulgar and grotesque. When not driving a jaunting car and fleecing good natured American tourists, he was frequently represented as driving a rather attenuated pig to the fair, with a rope tied to its hind leg, its tail tapering jauntily in the air, rushing between the feet of unsuspecting pedestrians, and laying them gently on the mud with that supreme indifference that pigs show to the dignity of mere mortals. Then again he was represented as a vulgar tavern brawler "drunk and disorderly" flourishing a quart bottle of whiskey in one hand, a shillelagh in the other, and inviting all and sundry to a fight.

The Irish were represented as a race of ignorant peasants, lazy and thriftless in their habits, dirty in person, vulgar in speech and superstitious and incapable of either understanding or appreciating the higher and nobler things of life. To caricature the Irish was a high pastime of the English and American stage of less than twenty years ago.

The Irish Dramatic Movement has killed and buried the stage Irishman and even the high-brows of London and New York were glad to have the privilege of assisting at the funeral. They reluctantly bowed to the dramatic genius of the Irish.

But tho the stage Irishman is dead, the English tradition of the Irish still prevails under the stage management of the British propagandist. The English tradition of the Irish has so permeated the life and literature of this country that it is extremely difficult to eradicate it. We find this tradition in every play, in every book and in every article written by an Englishman about Ireland and by many Americans too, for that matter. The tradition is this; "The Irishman is warm-hearted, hospitable and witty; slothfully indolent; thriftless, a lover of inebriety and quarrels; impatient and unhappy under restraint of law and order;

temperamentally and religiously unfitted for self-government; mentally superficial; intellectually brilliant but unstable and an impracticable visionary." Such is the picture drawn of the present generation of University-bred men and women who are today up in arms for the freedom of their country. And unfortunately there are thousands of Irishmen and hundreds of thousands of Americans who believe it.

You will find this tradition in Bernard Shaw and George Birmingham; you have heard it suavely stated by T. P. O'Connor and Horace Plunkett when speaking of the young enthusiasts of Dublin. You will see it represented in every theatre and picture house you enter, but, thank Heaven, you will no longer see it or hear it in the Capital of the Irish Republic.

The Drama of Sinn Fein is today fighting to kill this tradition by giving true pictures of Irish life, ideals and thought to the theatre going public. It is the duty of the Irish in America to help the movement by recreating genuine Irish drama in our midst.

But to continue the history of the Movement—The Irish dramatic movement commenced in May 1899 when W. B. Yeats' play the "Countess Kathleen" was presented in the Ancient Concert Rooms, Dublin. Five years previously, Yeats' one act play, "The Land of Heart's Desire" had been produced at the Avenue Theatre, London and this gave Yeats the idea of starting a genuine native theatre.

It was not until three years later, however, that the dramatic movement took definite shape when the Fay Brothers established the Irish National Dramatic Company with W. B. Yeats as director. Their wonderful skill in teaching, producing, and acting, soon involved a distinct and really fine school of Irish acting. Yeats became from the outset, as it were by Divine right, the leader of the Dramatic movement—his genius, his high idealism and unswerving purposefulness made the success of the movement assured from the outset.

In 1903 the name of the society was changed into the Irish National Theatre Society with W. B. Yeats, A. E. Russel, Edward Martyn, George Moore and Lady Gregory, as the guiding spirits—a brilliant galaxy of genius indeed.

Up to this time the movement had been hampered by lack of funds and most of the plays had to be rehearsed and acted in musty old halls and at irregular intervals. However, several plays such as Synge's, "In the Shadow of the Glen," "Riders to the Sea" and "The Hour Glass" by Yeats were successfully produced in the Molesworth Hall. Plays by George Moore, Edward Martin, Alice Mulligan and Douglas Hyde were also presented. The Fay Brothers, while rehearsing Dr. Hyde's Gaelic Play, the "Twisting of the Rope" conceived the idea of forming a Company of Irish-born actors to act plays written by Irish writers. Shortly afterwards they presented two plays, "Deirdre" by A. E. Russel and "Kathleen Houlihan" at St. Teresa's Hall, Clarendon St., Dublin, on April 2nd, 1902. Thus came into existence this company of amateur poets and dramatists known as the Abbey players.

In 1904 the Company paid a flying visit to the Royalty Theatre, London, where their performance was seen by Miss A. E. V. Horniman, an English lady of means and with a passion for the drama. This lady had already given Bernard Shaw (whose first play "Widowers' Houses" was presented at the Independence Theatre in 1892) Yeats, and Dr. John Todhunter their first start as playwrights. Deeply impressed by

the talent displayed by the amateur band of Irish actors she resolved to find a place for such talent in Dublin. So, securing the services of a famous architect, she built the Abbey Theatre, which was constructed with classic severity and capable of seating 600 people.

She presented the theatre free to the Irish National Theatre Society and endowed it for six years. Here then was the cradle of the Irish Dramatic Revival. It was opened in December, 1904. Two new plays were immediately presented. Yeats' play, "In Baile's Strand," dealing with the Irish hero Cuchlann and also Lady Gregory's amusing farce "Spreading the News." It was in Yeats' play that the well known Abbey comedian, Mr. Arthur Sinclair, made his first appearance. Miss Horniman subsequently granted a subsidy, so that the players could devote all their time to their profession. The movement now progressed rapidly. In 1906 four new plays were produced. Mr. William Boyle, a dramatist of prime distinction, appeared on the scene. "The Well of the Saints," by John Milton Synge, was produced this year but did not make any great impression. The high-brows of today, who now compare Synge to Shakespeare, had no word of praise for his first public appearance, but only strong abuse. Lady Gregory's play "Kincora" dealing with the Court of Brian Boru was well received. Play followed play in quick succession, all dealing with some phase of Irish life or history. At this time a host of young playwrights had arisen in Dublin, and the Abbey school of players had become a National institution. The Irish National Theatre Society next paid two visits to London but failed at first to win the approval of the British critics. Their plays were criticised as being too short and devoid of that intellectual staying power necessary for involved construction and the carrying through of great drama.

Their three act plays were described as one act plays in three scenes. From this reproach the movement was redeemed by a distinguished dramatist, Mr. William Boyne, whose play, "The Building Fund," raised him at once to fame and he still remains the most popular of Abbey playwrights. His two plays, "The Eloquent Dempsey" and the "Mineral Workers," gave the movement a new impetus on the road to fame. As a social satirist Boyle stands unrivalled and presents a wholesome contrast to the "saeva indignatio" of the Irish Shakespeare, John Millington Synge.

In 1907 "The Play Boy of the Western World," by John Millington Synge, was presented at the Abbey Theatre. On this occasion a large and distinguished audience, representative of the intelligence of Dublin, had assembled at the Abbey to criticise the new play of the dramatic star. As the appalling story unfolded itself the audience looked at each other with mild amaze. Was it possible there existed anywhere in the world a community as vile as this—lost to all sense of moral decency where all sense of right and wrong seemed to be in abeyance. The play was acted seriously and soberly as if it were a transcript from actuality. As the third act drew to a close, and the awful outpouring of Billingsgate blasphemy and ribald invective, or what the English high-brows call the "frankness of Elizabethian speech" drenched the audience with the stench of its foulness, a number of ladies and gentlemen in the front seats left the hall, and the play ended with a wild protest of hissing and uproar. Mr. Yeats, with his habitual wrong-headedness, tried to revive the play in America, but it was hissed from the platform and has since

been consigned to the dust-heap. The fact that throughout the play are scattered passages of intense poetic beauty and luscious poetic images, only made it all the more objectionable—the high verbal beauty being thrown like pearls on a dung-hill.

In 1907 seven new plays were produced—among them were "The Workhouse Ward," by Dr. Hyde, and the "Rising of the Moon," by Lady Gregory.

After the failure of the "Play-boy" Yeats and his co-directors raised the parrot cry that the play was mere extravaganza, and in all its revivals at home and abroad it has been played in a highly farcial, wholly discordant spirit, which has rendered the original implication of the author entirely nugatory.

Altho the Fay Brothers resigned from the Abbey, and several of the more notable playwrights withdrew their productions from the Abbey's repertory, owing to the scandal-mongering of Yeats and his players in America, the Abbey continued to flourish, so exhaustless were the resources of dramatic genius in Ireland.

In 1908 the British Association visited the Theatre and were entertained by the directors. John Millington Synge died this year to the keen regret of all who knew him. The man was greater than his work, but he was cursed with all the folly of genius.

Unfortunately the continental leprosy spread itself in the Abbey School of Dramaturgy. Mr. Yeats informs us that he told the inner school of Abbey playwrights to avoid the love interest, because entanglements of that kind lead to the writing of conventional drama. It is characteristic of Yeats' inconsistency to deny the thorough independence claimed by him for the genius artist, to the school he was proceeding to tutor. The result is that until the rise of the tidal wave of Sinn Fein the Dublin playwright, instead of giving free play to his own individuality and going to nature for his material, has copied the approved model and given us faint reflexes of the brooding, filthy-tongued peasant of Synge.

There could be no outpouring of healthy national drama under such conditions. But Patriek Pearse and his associates have purged the Irish Dramatic Movement of this unhealthy leprosy.

In 1909, nine new plays were given to the public of which the most remarkable was the "Cross Roads," a fatalistic peasant drama by Mr. Robinson.

Ireland has no dramatic censor. Now Bernard Shaw's new play, "The Showing Up of Blanco Porsnet," was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain in England. Yeats, who with sublime inconsistency had already refused to produce Shaw's play, "John Bull's Other Island," now took up the cause of Shaw's new play with sublime heedlessness of consequences. In vain the Castle authorities protested against this interference with the Lord Chamberlain's prerogative. Yeats and Lady Gregory issued a joint proclamation challenging the principle of dramatic censorship generally. Dublin was bubbling with excitement at the prospect of a fight and tumbled over each other in their rush for seats at the Abbey. The Sinn Feiners remained passive, not wishing to injure the dramatic movement by starting a row and causing the Abbey patent to be cancelled. It passed off, however, without incident.

Mr. William Boyle and the other playwrights who had deserted on account of the "Playboy" now returned to the field and the Dramatic

Movement received a new impetus by the revival of Boyle's play, "The Building Fund."

The year 1910 saw the production of eight new plays, among them "Deirdre of the Sorrows," by J. M. Synge, and "Thomas Muskerry," a perfect picture of Irish rural life by Padraic Colum. "The Birthright," by T. C. Murray, was also produced this year and heralded the event of a new star. Mr. Murray has since come to the forefront of the dramatic profession since the production of his play "Maurice Hart" in London. His dramaturgy is remarkable for its clean-minded realism.

In 1911 Dr. Hyde's nativity play was produced. It was notable for its reverent acting and harmonious staging. This year also Lord Dunsanny's play, "King Albigenses and the Unknown Warrior," was produced, as well as "A Land of Heart's Desire," by W. B. Yeats, and "Mixed Marriage," by John G. Irvine, a play of Belfast working life. Some time previous to this Miss Horniman had withdrawn her subsidy from the theatre and retired from the Movement. W. B. Yeats made an attempt to enlist West British sympathy in the movement by handing round the hat for \$5,000.00, but his appeal was treated with cool contempt by the garrison. He then conceived the idea of taking the Abbey Players to America. Before leaving for America he instituted a school of Acting under the direction of Mr. Nugent Monk. This second company rapidly materialized and produced some excellent plays, but fortunately the sympathy of the Irish public was alienated by the notoriety-mongering of Yeats in America with the "Playboy of the Western World." It was the only way the Dublin public could signify its disapproval of the scandalous campaign. During Yeats' absence, Dr. Hyde's play, "The Tinker and the Fairy," was produced and also a revised version of the "Countess Kathleen," with great artistic success. "Red Turf," by Rutherford Mayne, was also produced. No sooner had the Abbey Company returned from their success *de scandale* in America than they were off again to London, where they produced Mr. Boyle's new comedy, "Family Failing."

When the Abbey Players returned to Dublin all Ireland was play-writing and play-acting. Dramatic societies had sprung up all over the country. The Ulster Literary Theatre at Belfast, the Cork Dramatic Society, the Theatre of Ireland, Dublin, founded by Padraic Colum and A. E. Russel, and others in Galway and Waterford followed. Every town had its own dramatic society and its own dramatists.

Besides these there were two Gaelic Dramatic Societies which produced plays by Douglas Hyde, Pierce Beasley and Cannon O'Leary. So great was the passion for the dramatic art displayed by the re-awakened intellect of Ireland that Frank Fay declared that "he thought everyone had a play in his pocket" and that any one in the street could be picked up and shaped into an actor or actress with a little training, Ireland was so teeming with talent.

Meanwhile at St. Enda's College, Patrick Pearse, with his staff, were writing pageant plays and having them acted by his boys. They went back to the ancient life of Ireland—to the days of Cuchlann and Brian and Malachy for the material of their plays, forsaking the Pagan philosophy and Freudean Spiritism of Yeats and George Moore and the filthy-tongued peasants of Synge. They went into the Gaeltacht and drew therefrom that inspiration which has since made the drama truly

representative of Irish life and character, and redeemed it from that continental leprosy with which Yeats and Moore and their followers had infected it. Among the most remarkable of their plays was a Passion play written by Pearse himself and acted at the Abbey Theatre by the students and staff of St. Enda's. It was based on Irish folk traditions concerning the Passion of Christ and was so remarkable that it drew unstinted praise from English and Continental papers. Bernard Shaw's taunt that the Irish are not a distinct nation, because they lost their language has been amply disproved by Pearse and the school of Gaelic playwrights of which he was the head. Many of Pearse's plays were written in Irish and acted by Irish boys trained by Pearse himself. The Irish capital can boast today of a school of Gaelic drama as fresh and full of life as any similar school in the world.

It was from such beginnings that the Norwegian Theatre grew until it became truly representative of the national life and customs. Indeed, anyone who has lived in Edinburgh, for example, and in Dublin, can see the absurdity of Bernard Shaw's contention. The Scotch have surrendered their individuality; the Irish have preserved theirs. The names of Yeats, "A. E." James Joyce, T. C. Murray, Tom Kelly, Pearse and Padraic Colum have made Dublin more finely critical of art and literature than London itself. It is in fact another intellectual centre.

The distinguishing note of the Abbey school of drama has been the high, almost unique, quality of its acting. The principles inculcated by the Fay Brothers made for the avoidance of all conventional and distracting stage tricks. There was to be no playing for one's hand, no stepping out of the picture, no posing in the centre of the stage, amid an aura of limelight, no senseless by-plays and no pointmaking. The gallant little band of amateurs approached the work of acting as something sacred—a sort of ritual to be slowly and rhythmically performed. It is the actors who have made the Abbey Theatre famous and not the plays. They have cast a spell over all who have seen them. Many of us have pleasing memories of William and Frank Fay, Dudley Diggs, Sara Allgood, Arthur Sinclair, Marie O'Neill, J. M. Kerrigan, Fred Donovan and Nora Desmond. Even if we are not always delighted with what our playwrights give us, the way in which the plays are served us invariably wholly satisfies.

Our modern playwrights are still far from the ideal of a pure national drama, though the Sinn Féin spirit is quickly redeeming their defects. The revolt against the Pitou drama, and the Boucicault plays, whose rollicking boys, full of fun and frolic, and colleens that could do no wrong, have driven many of our playwrights to the other extreme. They have peopled our stage with peasants, cruel, hard and forbidding, and colleens the reverse of lovable in thought and act. What we want is the happy medium which few of our playwrights have given us as yet.

Writing on this subject a half dozen years ago A. E. Russel, the Irish Dante, severely criticised the Irish poets and dramatists. He wrote: "Ireland is a horribly melancholy and cynical country. Our literary men and poets who ought to give us courage, have taken to writing about the Irish people who 'went forth to battle, but always fell,' sentimentalizing over incompetence instead of invigorating us and liberating us, and directing our energies. We have developed a new and clean school of Irish dramatists who say they are holding up the mirror to Irish peas-

ant nature, but they reflect nothing but deeadencee. They delight in the broken lights of insanity, the ruffian who beats his wife, the weakling who is unfortunate in love and who goes and drinks himself to death, while the little decaying country towns are seized on with avidity and exhibited on the stage in every kind of decay and human futility and meanness. Well, it is good to be chastened in spirit, but it is a thousand times better to be invigorated in spirit. To be positive is always better than to be negative. These writers understand and sympathise with Ireland more through their lower nature than their higher nature. Judging by the things people write in Ireland, and by what they go to see performed on the stage, it is more pleasing to them to see enacted characters they know are meaner than themselves than to see characters which they know are nobler than themselves."

He writes further on: "If the Irish people do not believe they can equal or surpass the stature of any humanity which has been upon the Globe, then they had better all emigrate and become servants to some superior race, and leave Ireland to new settlers who may come here with the same high hopes as the Pilgrim Fathers had when they went to America."

This vigorous condemnation was penned at the dawn of the Sinn Fein Renaissance. A few years later "A. E." beheld the realization of his dreams in the bloody drama of Easter Week, and the glorious uprising of the Celtic race in every land.

Of recent plays presented in America the most successful, perhaps, was Canon Hannay's "General John Regan," which gave great offence to the people of the West. James Stephens and Jane Barlow have contributed to the Dramatic Movement but have not achieved any remarkable success. The re-enacting of Irish drama in America has met with great success in the hands of playwrights like George Cohan and Padraic Colum, interpreted by such geniuses as Nellie Huban and Chauncey Oleott. David Belasco, the greatest of American producers, has founded a new school of Irish drama by the presentation of his great play, "The Dark Rosaleen," which has been the talk of all New York. On the operative stage, too, such artistic geniuses as Denis O'Sullivan, Joseph O'Mara, Nellie Meagher and the McCormack's, have brought Irish dramatic genius to the very highest achievements.



The Celt in America

(From "America.")

In an article on "The Mission of the Celt in America," Dr. Ryan makes some statements with which many of his first cousins will not agree. He is mistaken in thinking that wealth and high station are detrimental to the idealism and spiritual mission of the Celt in America or in his homeland. On the contrary during the days of her greatest prosperity, from the sixth to the ninth century, Ireland became one universal monastery and some of her greatest saints and idealists—Brigit, Columbkille, King Cormac, Celestinus, Angus the Culdee, and others, were princes brought up in luxury and acquainted with the highest thought and culture of contemporary Europe. It is a colossal mistake to think, as many Irish-Americans are inclined to think, that the lowly status of the Irish in America as "hewers of wood and drawers of water" has been a help rather than a hindrance to the spread of Catholicism in America. The contrary is true. Were the Irish a self-governing people, speaking their native language, with their ambassadors at all the world's capitals, America would long since have been converted to the Catholic Faith. The curse of the Irish immigrant was that he spoke English and was half-Anglicized before he came to America. He was taught to look upon his people as an inferior race, a conviction which the Gaelic and Sinn Fein movements have eradicated from Irish life today, but which is still noticeable in the mental make-up of the average Anglo-American.

The fault of the Irish in America has been that their leaders have not appealed more to the so-called "pagan society," gone into it and leavened it by their idealism and spirituality. When the Jesuits sent missionaries to China they sent their ablest mathematicians and astronomers, and it was not until they were raised to the rank of mandarins that they hoped to make converts in the Celestial Empire. What were Columbanus, Coleman and Don Scotus but native Irish princes, the elite of the elite, and yet they converted the greater part of Romanized Europe and superimposed the culture of Christian Ireland on that of Imperial Rome. They made their appeal not to the ignorant masses but to the kings, emperors and intellectual leaders, and the masses soon followed the lead of their masters. St. Patrick adopted the same policy towards the native aristocracy of the pagan Irish, and Columbkille in Scotland followed his master's example.

An Austrian nobleman is insulted if you ask him whether he is a Protestant. To be anything else but Catholic is unthinkable in the society in which he moves. An Irish-American millionaire who occupies a prominent place in the social register cards and writes a belated account of his social activities in the American "Who's Who," is sometimes ashamed to admit that he is a member of the Catholic persuasion. Why? Because he is an upstart; he is ignorant of the genius and material and moral greatness of his Celtic forefathers. The Irish princess, Grainne Uaile, standing proudly before Queen Elizabeth and spurning her paltry titles because she was a princess among her own people, should be typical of

the attitude of the Celtic race towards American society. The Irish have always occupied in Europe, and occupy in the world today, a place similar to that occupied by the Greeks among the ancient nations—the repository of art, idealism and culture. Those who crawl on all fours to gain an entree into “society” are not Irish, and their influence can never interfere with the spread of Catholic ideals, one way or the other. The more Irishmen acquire wealth, influence and social station in America the better, provided they retain their distinctive individuality and Irishism, and, thanks be to God, the best of our race in America have done that. Moreover I contend there is more idealism in American life today than there is in any other country in the world. A people who have willingly sacrificed their sons on the battle-fields of France for abstract principles must indeed have ideals of a very high order. The attitude of the American “pagan” highbrow towards the Catholic Church proves that no other people are more openminded, liberal and impartial than the native American “aristocracy” to the idealism and culture of the Catholic Church. If we look at the lists of converts to Catholicism in America, we find the best and most influential of them come from the so-called “first families,” the elite of the land, mentally and socially.

Besides no one is treated with higher respect or gets a warmer place in the hearts of the American people than the Irishman of good family, whose culture and mentality are distinctively and purely Irish. The reception given to Padriac Pearse, Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, and Dr. Hyde is surely sufficient proof of that. The small number of upstarts who try to identify themselves with high “Society” in America, and in doing so lose their faith and national characteristics, are treated by the better-informed and higher class of the American people as “upstarts” and “bounders.” They are looked on with contempt. It is not, then a question of wealth and social station; it is a question of blood and culture. Where these are lacking, nothing can be expected. The Irish Celt need never fear contact with true American life and culture. Let him enter it and get to the top, and American life will be all the better for him. Only a few years ago the savants of Europe such as Meyer, Thurneyson, De Jubainville and Loth were frequent guests in the homes of the Irish people. Why? Because Irish life had once again found its way into the main current of European thought. O'Donovan and Hyde and Yeats and MacDonough and Pearse had awakened the Celt from the nightmare of Anglicization, and shown Irishmen their place in the social register of intellectual world-aristocracy. And so it is in American social life today. It is not the social world of the upstart “four-hundred” money-lenders and bankers and hangers-on of the British garrison in America that the intellectual leaders of the Irish race should aim at conquering; rather they must gain the hearts and the ears of those Americans whose forefathers wrote the American Constitution, and followed Washington into Valley Forge, and who today represent the true soul and spirit of modern America. The Celts are a race of gentlemen and need never fear to place themselves on absolute equality with the best products that American life can show. The combination of modern Americanism with the grace, charm and innate culture of the Irish Celt is the finest product of American life today and to get that you must go among the real aristocracy of America.

The Celt in America

Mr. M. J. O'Donohue, M. A.,

April 20, 1918.

Dear Sir:—

What will be written the writer hopes to serve as an introduction. For from your article to the "America" we are long since kinsfolk in sentiment.

That article has just been read with heartiest satisfaction. In which you have shown a joyful knowledge of our race-in its make-up, its predominant force, its lodestone qualities of culture, and grace. You are the only writer to "America" who has a thorough-going grasp of the "God of things as they are," and of the "God of things as they ought to be." That very string of racial inferiority amongst so many of the Irish here, you played it with correctness and sweetness.

Usually in dealing with this particular question, friend or apologist alike scrape the string with the shrill rasping of sarcasm or satire. Whereas your defense is mellow, your explanation is true.

Thanking you with great pleasure,

I am, Your's sincerely in Christ,

Rev. James J. O'Riordan.

All Soul's Church, Sanford, Fla.



The Irish Fairy Land

(From the Denver Catholic Register.)

The American tourist who pays a flying visit to Ireland is apt to be bewildered and oftentimes disgusted by what appears to him as the gross superstition of the people and particularly their fear and reverence for the fairies. Very often this is because he comes from a land where the almighty dollar reigns supreme and where naturalistic ethics and materialistic tendencies prevail. But if he studies the psychology of the Irish temperament (and nobody is more sympathetic with Irish thought and customs than the cultured American), with its glowing idealism and love of the supernatural, he will gain some understanding of that wonderful palace of delight—the Irish Fairyland.

The tendency to lying sometimes observable among the Irish is really only the traditional instinct of imaginative variation in which the old Romanceurs delighted. The Celtic mind hates cold fact; it loves fact adorned with fancy. Similarly the cult of Fairyland is but a kind of national telepathy—a thought movement of the race towards the supernatural. It displays the wonderful power of the human mind when freed from its materialistic environment. It is this tendency of the English mind which seeks for explanations of the supernatural in life, thought, and nature, in telepathy, spiritism and thought-reading, etc., and which is sought for by the Celt in the spirit creation of Fairyland.

Fairyland is then one of the institutions of Celtic civilization. It is a world of ideal perfection and loveliness evolved out of the Celtic consciousness in its innate strivings for the attainment of the supernatural. It is the El Dorado of the Celtic mind—the Utopia of the world's greatest dreamers. Those who attribute the Irish belief in fairies to ignorance and superstition, altogether ignore the transcendent genius and philosophy of the Celt, who has evolved this beautiful spirit-world of his own, and made it the richest medium of myth and romance that ever existed among any race.

The cult of the "other world" has existed in Ireland among all classes from the earliest pagan times. When Patrick and his companions appeared before the daughters of King Laeghaire, they were astonished at them, thinking they were "Daoine Sighe," or gods of the earth, or "Phantasies." The ancient Irish possessed a variety of gods, such as Deal Dagda, Manan MacLir or the Irish Neptune. The "Daoine Sighe," or fairy phantoms were supposed to be the spirits of a previous race whom the Milesians conquered and who held their abodes under ground, from which they issued forth from time to time to wreak vengeance on the conquerors. Hence many of the great battles of the old Celtic romances were purely mythical.

In the spirit world of the Christian Irish there are two distinct classes of fairy beings: First, the "Daoine Maihe" or "good people," who are supposed to be their friends and render them services of various kinds, of whom anon, and, secondly, the "Deamain Air" or "evil spirits," who are inimical to all mankind. Among the early Christian

Irish there was a third hierarchy called the "Tuaha de Danan," who were conquered by the early Milesians, and dwelled in forts and under the hills, from which they frequently issued forth to aid Irish heroes, or combat other evil spirits.

Many theories are advanced to account for the Celtic belief in Fairyland, but none of them seems satisfactory. There is the common theory of the Irish themselves that the fairies are those fallen angels who did not deserve the eternal punishment of hell, and who are left to roam thru space in expiation till the judgment. The fairies themselves seem to have a certain hope of future happiness, and hence the belief that they must roam the realms of space until the day of judgment, when they will be re-instated in the heavenly kingdom. These "Daoine Maihe" or good fairies are kindly disposed towards man and protect him against the "Deamain Aoir" or evil spirits. The latter hierarchy of spirits have no hope of future bliss, and are the unrelenting enemies of mankind. Again many ingenious writers have tried to prove that the origin of the fairy cult is purely psychical, and that fairyland is thought to exist on the borderland of time and eternity as a kind of ethereal world that permeates all space, and is filled with countless hierarchies of airy creatures, some friendly and some inimical to mankind. In this land dwell the ghosts of Irish legend and story, who always manifest the good or evil characteristics which they bore in this world.

The doctrine of immortality, however, plays a strong part in the origin of the belief in Fairyland. The early pagan Irish believed in the immortality of their departed heroes. The land of perpetual youth was situated away west underneath the Atlantic ocean. One of the most beautiful of the Fenian tales describes how Ossian was taken away by Niav of the Golden Hair, the Queen of Fairyland, and kept there until the time of St. Patrick, when he returned to earth and held the famous discussions with St. Patrick on the Christian Faith and beliefs. Another abode of the departed heroes was O'Breasail, of the Elysian Fields away in the western Atlantic, and celebrated by Tom Moore in one of his songs. O'Breasail can be seen, with its golden towers and shining palaces, on a fine summer evening, from the Kerry headlands. Some of the most beautiful tales in the romance literature of Ireland center around these abodes of the departed heroes, and the descriptions of the joys and delights of the Fairylands in imagination and rich poetic beauty excel anything in literature, ancient or modern.

Such were the lands of myth and romance, of endless beauty and variety, wherein the Celtic fancy loved to dwell; where it basked in the sunshine of infinite space, away from the sordid cares and troubles of this prosaic everyday world. Here the Irish peasant loves to roam free from the sordidness of daily toil to associate in tender comradeship with the heroes and great men and women of old; where his exuberant fancy is thrilled and delighted with all that is lovely in life and nature; where his soul is refreshed and soothed by the strains of heavenly music; and where everything is refined and elevated and ideal. They are lands flowing with milk and honey, where justice reigns supreme, where youth never fades and beauty never decays, where virtue is rewarded and vice unknown; where women reign as queens and men's highest ambition is to do them honor and their only reward a grateful smile. They are the lands of chivalry, of weird fancies, and never-ending change.

This belief in the fairy world enters largely into the life of the Irish and forms a most interesting study in the national psychology of the race. The Irish are extremely careful to propitiate and give pleasure to their fairy friends, not from a sense of fear, for that is characteristic only of savage, and uncivilized peoples; but rather from charity and innate kindness of heart. Every household keeps clean drinking water in a vessel in the kitchen every night so that the fairies in their nightly revels will have sufficient to drink. The fairy hosts wander around from house to house during the cold nights of winter, always entering and leaving thru the key-hole. Spilt milk is always left to the fairies, and is never cleaned up or interfered with. Cattle are frequently bled in forts or raths and the blood offered up in sacrifice. The first milk of a cow is always thrown out for the fairy hosts. If a cow gets sick, it is supposed to be due to fairy malice. To effect a cure she must be bled, and then devoted to St. Martin. If she recovers she is never sold nor killed. The fairy chiefs, too, are fond of stealing babies and beautiful young maidens, especially during time of sickness, and leave changelings in their places. Many and various are the devices by which the imposters are driven off, and the lost ones returned to their friends. If the abducted maiden refuses all meat and drink from her fairy captors, she safe in their hands, and can never be given in marriage until rescued by a lover.

The Changelings are easily known by their conduct and appearance. They have very old faces which they contort with fearful grimaces. They can play the *ceol sighe* (fairy music) which puts all the tables and chairs in the household dancing; and then they have enormous appetites. One of the usual ways for expelling them is by putting them on a large shovel and heating them over the fire; after which they fly out the chimney, and the true child comes back to his old place. Brides too, are frequently abducted on their marriage day, and handsome youths are taken off to be fairy bridegrooms.

Whirlwinds are always called the "*sighe gaoithe*" or fairy wind, and those who are caught in them always suffer some evil from fairy malice. To combat this evil influence one should always bless himself and throw grass or bits of sticks or ferns with the wind so as to propitiate the fairy deities. To carry cinders in one's pocket, especially at night, is a good protection against fairy malice. The crowing of the cock is also supposed to protect the members of the household against the evil agencies of the fairy world and hence the people always attribute a sacred character to the cock and put him to roost in the kitchen at night.

Many of the old pipers were supposed to frequent the company of the fairies in their nightly rides thru space and to play for them in their revels. No piper was considered a finished musician who could not play the *ceol sighe* (fairy music). Such was the magical influence of this wonderful music that all the chairs, tables and utensils in the household danced to it, and those who listened were compelled to dance until they fell down exhausted.

Many people too were endowed with the "evil eye," so that whenever they felt inclined to do evil they cast the "evil eye" on some animal or on a child and soon after it sickened and died. If a neighbor entered another neighbor's house while they were making the butter, he should always catch hold of the dasher and churn a few strokes lest the fairies

steal the butter. A horse's shoe was frequently nailed to the churn to prevent the thieving sprites from getting away with the butter. The fairies were once conquered by a race who used iron weapons and hence their fear of iron.

One should always share what one is eating with a child lest he suffer from the "evil eye." One should never refuse salt to a neighbor, nor cross a neighbor's door without entering. One should never go to see a neighbor's cattle or pigs without blessing them so as to protect them from fairy malice. Old clothes, and the garments of dead people, should be always given away in charity. It is always unlucky to travel or to cut one's hair on a Monday, and cut hair should be always stuffed in a hole in the wall.

On All Hallow's Eve people make little cakes and plaster them against the back door of the kitchen for the fairies' midnight meal. All the fairy hosts are supposed to issue forth on this night and every household leaves food and fresh water in the kitchen for their midnight revels.

Besides the great hosts of life-size fairies there are other diminutive spirits much beloved by the Irish people. The most lovable and best known of these is the "Leprechaun," with his little red cap and cobbler's last. He has two purses on his little person—a purse of gold and a purse of silver. Whoever is lucky enough to get hold of him and keep him sufficiently long in terror, will obtain one of the purses. He is however, a sly imp, and once his captor's eyes are off him he disappears into thin mist. The Leprechaun personifies industry, which if steadily persevered in leads to wealth and happiness.

The "Leanan Sighe," or fairy attendant, is the inspirer of the local bard and the giver of the gifts of poetry. The "Banshee" is one of the most famous of the fairy sprites. Nearly all the old native families have an attendant spirit, who hovers round the family mansion and foretells the death of some member by a loud, wierd and piercing wail. The lonely wail of the Banshee always prognosticates some overshadowing calamity or dire disaster for the family. Nothing fills the Irish peasant with so much terror as the wail of the Banshee.

"Siuvan dūv na Boinne" is the fairy spirit of the Boyne, much renowned in story. The "Pooka" (Spooks) is the fairy genius of the ravines and gorges. He issues forth at night in the shape of a horse or an ass, and whoever molests him, he hoists him on his back and keeps him there all night while he rushes thru the brambles and bushes of the gorges and ravines, until his poor victim is nearly torn limb from limb.

The "Pias Mor," or great serpent, demands a sacrifice of a beautiful maiden every seven years. Famed are the heroes who have conquered the serpent and rescued the maidens. The "Dullaghan" and "Geanneanach," or graveyard urchins, play foot-ball with the skulls of the dead, or play leap frog with each other while they hold their heads under their arms. The "Hag" is endowed with supernatural powers of strength and malice and the "Gruagach" or sprite of the wells protects holy wells from pollution.

The "Mermaid," who is half fish, half woman, may be seen on fine summer evenings combing her golden hair on the rocks near the seashore. The mermaids inhabit the most beautiful palaces beneath the waves. Moore makes reference to this in one of his poems:

“He sees the round towers of other days
in the waves
Beneath him shining.”

Then there are the black cats, which keep ward over hidden treasure. Bardic incantations drove away these cats. Weasels and cats are revered because to touch them would bring bad luck.

Now one may naturally ask, What is the value of this endless variety of fairy beliefs and practices? And the answer is clear and simple. It is the root and the explanation of the difference between Celtic Christianity and the Christianity of Britain and the Continent. Christianity in Ireland was fused with the native civilization and culture. In Britain and the Continent Christianity was superimposed on the intermediate layer of Roman culture and organization. Hence, Irish Catholicism is from the Eternal City, but Irish culture is from Ireland herself. And the first and most striking characteristic of this culture is what might almost be termed an uncanny faculty for realizing the unseen. Tho other lands can lay claim to their share of legend, myth and fairy lore, no other people have become so thoroughly imbued with the element of the mystic and supernatural as the Celts. Their attitude to the invisible world is almost startling in its matter of fact realism. Christianity has only changed the objective. In place of the Banshee and the good people the Irish Catholic has put Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. However pagan they may seem to the enlightened modern, they are a silent testimony to the tenacity with which the Celtic mind, having once seized the supernatural, will never let go. And this tenacity, aided by Divine Grace, has given to Ireland the transcendent honor of being the only nation in northern Europe to hold out at the Reformation and which has made her today, even by the testimony of her enemies, the most Christian nation in the world. When the Irish were denied the Mass and the Sacraments during the Penal Days, they fell back on their Holy Wells and incantations, and every rath and mound became a holy sanctum where the Mass was offered in secret and superstition was lost in Faith.

One of the great assets of the fairy cult is the fact that it proves a sedative to the strongly emotional element in the Celtic nature. Where other peoples drown this God given element in lust, the Celt lets it expand itself harmlessly in the dreamy realms of religious ecstasy, or in the fairy regions of his romantic imagination. When the Celt becomes degenerate he takes to drink or emigration. His women have charm and beauty, but the Ave Maria has frozen their lips and the prestige of centuries of high moral culture keeps them on the path of rectitude.

In Gaeldom superstition is lost in imagination, and charm and prayer intermingle, except that charms are always for temporal needs. The Irish pray when they milk the kine, or rake the ashes, at bed-making and waking, when they take snuff, or pick herbs. Almost every dogma of Christian belief is expressed in their manifold prayers and salutations, so much so that a famous writer once declared that if the whole code of Christian law were destroyed it could be reconstructed again from the language and literature of the Irish.

All the beliefs which surround the wake the Banshee and the “keen” sprang from the Celtic belief that the dead do not die. Hence the custom of leaving pipes on the grave instead of wreaths and of leaving snuff

offerings around the body of the deceased, from which each person takes a pinch. This has given rise to the custom of saying the prayer before taking snuff or tobacco in a friend's house: "May the souls of your dead rest in peace." To the Celt life and death are one. Hence the hilarious spirit so often observable at Irish wakes. A native peer, who made a bid for popularity by imitating native customs, which were all an enigma to him, on a famous occasion celebrated the opening of a family vault by a county ball! A priest once forbade the "keening." Then his brother was killed and he "let the pitifulest, beautifullest keen ever heard in the parish."

So deeply has the invisible permeated the life of the Celt that to him the invisible is the more likely, the temporal only doubtful and not to be depended upon. All current Irish philosophy hinges on this fact. How often do we hear the Irish expression, "It will be all the same in a hundred years," or the cheery answer to the query "What is the time?": "Time enough." It is only a people who have made eternity a reality and invested in it, who can afford to waste the precious gifts of time.



The Shuiler

(From the Irish Press.)

In the general breakup of the old Celtic institutions and their usurpation by those of the Anglo-Saxon, nothing is sadder to the Irish heart than the destruction of the *Biadh-tach*, or Irish public hostel. No poor law or "poore houses" existed in Celtic Ireland. The functions of these rather miserable innovations of Anglo-Saxon civilization were performed by the old Irish *Biadh-tach*, where rich and poor alike were equally welcome, and where all were treated with equal hospitality. Even the Saxon Bede, who possessed no great love for the Irish, confessed in his ecclesiastical history that the Northumbrian Thanes, who visited Ireland for the study of the Scriptures, were generously provided for by the natives, and that they received their daily food free of cost, books also to read, and gratuitous teaching. Such were the functions of the *Biadh-tach*. But we have one remnant left to us—one reminder of that golden past in the fear shuil, or traveling man. The Irish poor have never taken kindly to that truly Saxon institution, the "poor house," and the shuiler ever gives it a wide birth. It carries with it a stigma of ignominy and degradation altogether revolting to the sensitive Celtic mind; for it is the emblem of his country's degradation and slavery.

The good old virtue of charity, however, still finds a warm place in the hearts of the Irish people. As long as the poor traveler can use his feet he need never enter the dark and gloomy portals of the work-house. He will always find a warm corner and a bit to eat by the hospitable Irish fireside. It is always considered an honor to entertain the shuiler, and every good old family has its retinue of travelers who pay the family periodical visits and are always treated with the greatest respect, and the shuiler pays his kind hearted patron by his wit, learning and piety. For the shuiler is a man of wide experience, well acquainted with history, and the current topics of the hour. His advice is always welcome and generally followed. Oh! if the Irish people had nothing else to recommend them to the respect and admiration of mankind except their never failing kindness and charity to the poor outcast wanderers—"the brethren fallen by the wayside"—of this world, they would indeed be deserving of all love and respect.

I recall with lively interest my last experience with two representative types of the traveling fraternity. The first was the bowed figure of an old man carrying a bag, a pilgrim of charity on the road, who had no hope of a weekly dole, or old age pension. With bent head, eyes on the ground, his shuffling feet appeared each moment about to refuse the task of the slight ascent. He went by without looking up, a colorless figure, bag and torn clothes, and face, and old muddy boots blended into one dirty drab. As I looked after him in the misty light of the afternoon, he seemed some inhuman mass moving by instinct to seek some hole. And then—was it the dignity of the soul made me claim him from the beast—I thought I saw his angel behind him and all the tortoise shape vanished. The bag must have pressed heavily, for he

stopped, crawled over to the wall and rested the bag upon it. He looked with cold, blank eyes absolutely indifferent to life and me. That was for a moment or two; then one of the corded hands went slowly up to his cap. But he did not begin to beg. He said in a clear even voice as of one about to enter into conversation with a neighbor, that the evening was fine. He was a shuiler and I did not ask him his history. There were no potatoes to be got, he said in the same apart way, or what a man traveling the road got was taken from the pig's pot. He had a few now in his bag.

There were some who would buy them in the town; but the times were bad, the worst he remembered, and the people were not what they used to be, not so ready to give those who had no roof for themselves. The price of everything made it hard for one like him to get enough food for his mouth. Then he hitched his bag slowly on his shoulders and hoping God would make the road wide before me, and that the souls of my dead might be in heaven that day, he went on his journey, friendless, alone, except for the Figure behind him.

I met another shuiler who happened to be a particular friend of my own family of several years' standing and an aristocrat of the profession. I received him in state, as became our friendship, in my sitting room at the hotel. He came in thumping his stick on the floor, for his sight is weak—a tall, broad, big man over 60. He is a County Galway man and has a wide business connection with the old families. He reels off their names, speaks proudly of their wealth or former wealth and sorrows, as at a personal loss, over their misfortunes. The war had hit him, killing many of his friends and patrons. He sadly repeated the words of the sorrowing poet:

Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?

Where is our Irish chivalry?

Wild grasses are their burial sheet

And sorrowing waves their threnody.

In vain the laughing girl will learn

To greet her love with love-lit eyes!

Down in some treacherous black ravine

Clutching his flag, the dead boy lies.

And many a moon and sun will see

The lingering, trustful children wait

To climb upon their father's knee,

And in each house made desolate,

Pale women who have lost their lord

Will kiss the relics of the slain—

Some tarnished epaulette—some sword—

Poor toys to soothe such anguished pain.

His old friends seemed to have clothed him. "This is Mr. O'Rourke's coat; he had it ten years," he said. "The grandest cloth." And I see he would like me to feel it. He speaks of his friends titled and untitled in any easy, familiar, yet respectful tone, as if the reflection of their splendor rested upon him. Welcomed so long as the doors of the "big

houses" he feels in some subconscious way linked with their owners, and he lingers on his travels at an avenue gate where the Congested Districts Board reigns, and prays for his departed friends. But though long intimacy with the old magnates of the county makes him speak with affection of Mr. Nick, or Mr. Pierce, Sir Walter or Sir Valentine, he has warm feelings for the people. But like the other shuiler, he complains of a change in the cottages, and of the airs and anglicization, though he does not use the words of the boys and girls. I consulted him about potatoes. It was not a question that affected him directly; he carried no bag. He had a little money put by for the time that old age took away the strength of his feet, and there was a sister's roof to shelter him in mid-Galway. But he gave it his attention, though he held no bag before the cottage door, yet the price of everything threatened him with want, unless he drew upon the little store, or burdened his sister with his keep. The potatoes were short, there was no doubt about it, and the women, the creatures, were right to drive the big buyers away. He had seen the rotten potatoes turned up in the fields that pigs wouldn't take. There were people so wicked and greedy that they would sell the food out of the mouths of their children. The times have changed—the people did not pray as they did long ago.

A few days later I met another shuiler, crooked with rheumatism, tramping along the muddy road. I stayed to chat with him for some time. "I was a boy in the great famine," he said. "I am over 80, and I remember Maire-na-Teampul (Mary of the Church) living down there in the church yard. She had gone mad up in County Galway and had strayed away on her people. She lived in the old cell in the church yard and took the turf, and boiled nettles and what she could get. And I saw a woman dead back in the boheen. There was nothing to eat." I answered, laughing, "There's plenty now," I said, "even if the potatoes themselves be bad." The old man nodded absently, his horny eyes fixed down the road, his mind clearly on the scene of hunger and death. Then he hobbled across the fence, paused for a minute, and raising his stick towards the trees of the old church yard: "I saw her buried there, and three of the children dead with the hunger and the fever. I was small myself, but I remember that the potatoes were all rotten." Then the rumble of wheels and a neighbor in an ass cart passing with a bag of flour shook the memory from him and jerked him back into the present.

What sorrow and tragedy, the modern humanitarian will exclaim. Cui bono? queries the Socialist in tones of contempt. But up through the vistas of the centuries, through the murk of selfishness and materialism, comes the answer of the gentle Saviour: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven." Surely to no land on earth do these solemn words apply more aptly than to the much maligned little nationality of the West.

The Poor Old Man

I see him passing on his way, bent, weary, ragged, poor,
A-down the long and dusty, road that winds across the moor,
With patches on his cotamor,* now changed to many a hue,
For sun and rain alike have been his staunchest friends and true.
Hark to his feeble, faltering breath; Ah; now he's falling; no,
'Tis but the sudden gust of wind his form is bending so;
And onward still and onward just each stranger's face to scan,
Tho 'tis snail-like is his pacing, comes the poor old man.

Ah! whither is he going? And why must he be about
In the dreary winter weather or the tempest's angry shout?
Has he not a home of comfort and a fire to keep him warm?
Or does no one bid him enter in to bide the passing storm?
Ah no, for he's a beggar and his class is under ban,
And Society is lacking many a good Samaritan.
Who should give ear to sympathy ere charity began,
And so he's turned from their doors, the poor old man.

But once he had a happy home and children on his knee,
And listened to the crooning songs of gentle Vanithee.*
Too soon the hand of famine came and took them from his side,
And a broken man to wonder o'er the boglands wide.
He was left to bear his burden and his grief alone,
And he couldn't rest contented within sight of home.
So remember this, patricians! And pity when you can,
As you meet him by the wayside, every poor old man.

*Cotamor—overcoat. *Vanithee—a housewife.



The Co-Operative Movement

The Co-operative Movement begins with Horace Plunkett. The idea however goes back to the days of the first Napoleon whose transcendent genius was the first to grasp the idea of the Co-operative Commonwealth. The Code Napoleon, which prevails in most European countries, was based on this system. Modern France owes all its wealth and power to the "syndicats agricoles" or co-operative farming system. Horace Plunkett and his associates were the first however to bring the idea of rural co-operation prominently before the English-speaking world.

The history of the Co-operative Movement is a story of the triumph of failure, like many other progressive movements. When Horace Plunkett returned to Ireland in 1889 he found, as A. E. Russel relates "rural Ireland completely disorganized, the population melting away, Irish produce badly marketed, prices falling every year, and science unknown on the farm." With energy characteristic of his American training he set himself to the work of building up a new social order in Ireland, based on agricultural organization. The system then existing in Ireland as well as in England was the feudal system, in which the landlord practically speaking owned his tenants body and soul. The Irish however shot their landlords and gradually wiped out the system of feudal aristocracy. It is still the system in England where the co-operative movement has always been a failure. The Servile State of Hilaire Belloc is an excellent outline of the governmental system prevailing among the British.

The true significance of Plunkett's movement, then, was the setting up of a new social order, and the development of a rural civilization and culture on purely Irish lines. After many disappointments and weary labors, Plunkett and his associates, Lord Monteaigle and Fr. Tom Finlay, formed the Irish Agricultural Organization Society in 1894 with Horace Plunkett as President and Fr. Tom Finlay as vice-President. Seeing the enormous advantage that the Continental farmers had over the Irish farmers was due to superior organization, combined with better education the promoters of the new society determined that Irish agricultural industries must be organized on a co-operative basis after the systems prevalent in France and Germany. So Horace Plunkett decided to commence a campaign of education among the farmers. With the instinct of a true American he enlisted in his favor the support of all classes and particularly of the professional, literary and scientific men of the country. A. E. Russel thus describes the founder of Co-operative organization:—"Nature had prepared him for the work he had to undertake by gifting him with every kind of insidious power to drag people out of their own private and proper work and make them do his work instead. The Apostles did not seem by their previous professions more unsuitable to turn into divines than the people Horace Plunkett collected and filled with his own spirit and sent out to organize the farmers. Artists, poets, literary men and clergymen fell victims to him equally with those who were personally interested in farming. Every extreme of political belief

was represented in his circle. Orangeman met Fenian, the Church of Ireland clergyman met the Catholic priest. The Ulster Unionist found himself to his astonishment discussing Irish economics with Munster Nationalists. Plunkett wanted to keep his work non-political. He had not at that time realized that to the political powers in Ireland the most poisonous character enmity to them could assume was to be non-political. He was the spirit of Sinn Féin casting a rather misleading shadow before it, because such politics as he professed were vaguely Unionist." So successful was the work of the new society that in 1904, the organization numbered 800 agricultural societies, two hundred agricultural banks, with a membership of 400,000 and a combined trade turnover of approximately \$2,000,000. All these societies consisted of groups of farmers who had been taught by organizers that certain branches of their business could be more successfully conducted by associations than by individuals acting separately.

A little periodical called the "Homestead" was established which gave up-to-date information on all phases of agricultural work. This paper was edited with rare ability by A. E. Russel and became the organ of the new movement. It is today the most up-to-date and advanced publication on economic and agricultural organization. To thoroughly understand the ideals that animated the leaders of the co-operative movement one must read that fascinating little classic of A. E. Russel—"Co-operation and Nationality."

In 1900 after much Parliamentary agitation the government established a Department of Agriculture in Dublin with an endowment of \$830,000 a year. The object of the Department was to give technical information to farmers, and to give instruction on agricultural subjects. The following year the Royal College of Science was re-organized and endowed with a view to training teachers and scientists for agricultural pursuits. Continental tours were also arranged by a scholarship system so that the experts and students of the Department could study the systems of Continental countries, and thus improve the home industries, with a view to capturing the foreign markets. The movement had now attracted world-wide attention and visitors from France, Canada, the United States, Australia, South Africa and the West Indies came to Ireland to study the new system of co-operation and human reform.

Following the Danish method of distribution the Irish co-operative societies quickly controlled the sale of butter, eggs and poultry in British markets to the intense chagrin of the British themselves. They introduced the Raffeisen system of banking by which the savings of the community are loaned to the members of the society for an approved purpose, and at low rates of interest. Thus it is the interest of each member of the community to become interested in the success of his neighbors business. The secret of co-operation in fact is self-help by mutual help.

In connection with the agricultural bank was the co-operative store. These stores were established after the following plan. When the promoters had secured a minimum of 200 stockholders the store was established. Each stockholder promised to buy his goods exclusively at that store. The goods sold at the store were bought direct from the producer, or manufacturer, and sold to the stockholders at cost price plus the cost of operating expenses. This method eliminated the excessive profits of the middleman as the storekeeper was only an agent of the

stockholders. By this means also the stockholders and customers were able to procure the best and cheapest goods at cost price since they were at liberty to buy from any manufacturer or producer they pleased. The farmers were thus able to buy costly machinery, which they held in common and which individually they could not afford to buy. The profits accruing to the store were returned to the stockholders by way of dividends. In 1911 there were 1,000 farmers' organizations in existence, with a membership of 100,000 farmers, mostly heads of families and an annual trade turnover of \$15,000,000, a splendid record of achievement indeed.

Ireland had now for several years been leading the United Kingdom in agricultural organization. An English Agricultural organization society had been formed after the Irish model, with an Irishman who had studied co-operation at home, as its chief executive officer. A Scotch Agricultural Society was also formed but neither of them proved successful owing to the intense individualism and perhaps selfishness of the English and Scotch farmers.

In 1910, Horace Plunkett published his book "The Rural life problem in the United States." In this interesting study of the rural life of the American people he pointed out to the American farmer the lessons of the Irish Co-operative Movement. The Farmers League of the Middle West has taken his lessons to heart and they already exercise a mighty influence on the public life of the country. Since 1910 great agricultural and industrial associations have sprung up all over Ireland of which the largest and most influential is the Cork industrial Development Association. Recently it was instrumental in inducing Henry Ford to establish a giant motor factory in Cork City, and which has now become the distributing centre for the Ford plants in Europe. This great commercial undertaking was carried thru in the face of the strongest opposition from the British government at Westminster.

The Co-operative Movement has solidified the Irish people into one great Co-operative Commonwealth, so that when they proclaimed their independence last year, it was a comparatively easy matter for them to take over the government of the country into their own hands and keep it there, in spite of the presence of a huge alien army armed with all the machinery and panoply of war.

Co-operation is entirely in harmony with the inherited instincts of the Irish whose associative qualities have made them successful in every land on the globe to which they have emigrated. It has aroused them to the fact that it was only thru self-help they could obtain deliverance from the grasp of an alien power. A striking illustration of this was given in the defeat of Conscription when the whole food-producing element of the country, laborer, farmer, and factory hand, laid down his tools until the mailed hand of militarism was lowered in dismay. Recently also when the city of Limerick was proclaimed a military area, and the rights of its citizens were curtailed at the point of the bayonet, the people of the historic city set up a miniature republic of its own, issued its own credit system, with the result that the military withdrew in disgrace for lack of supplies.

But the great achievement of the Co-operative system is the elimination of the middle man, or "gombeen man" as he is called in Ireland. This is the great contribution which the militant democracy of Ireland offers

to the world today. A brief survey of world conditions today will show how the Celt once again has come to the rescue of modern civilization. Statesmen everywhere agree that the greatest crisis in history now confronts the world. A tide of industrial unrest and anarchy is rising rapidly and thru evil guidance threatens to engulf civilization. This tide is only the yearning of the common people for justice and freedom coming down thru all the ages and like a pent-up torrent is about to break all barriers and deluge the world. President Wilson has accurately gauged the trend of the times in solemn and prophetic words: "And I want to utter this solemn warning not in the way of a threat—the forces of the world do not threaten, they operate. The great tides of the world do not give notice that they are going to rise and run; they rise in their majesty and overwhelming might and those who stand in the way are overwhelmed. Now the heart of the world is awake and the heart of the world must be satisfied."

Statesmen of the old school,—the greybeards of the Paris Peace Conference—are amazed at the swift advance of this colossal flood. Thinking only in terms of the past they advise the bayonet and machine gun and other instruments of imperialism as a remedy. Egypt, India, Korea and Russia are the fruits of their labors. The floods of anarchy and chaos sweep on with irresistible force. The great heart of the common people is ablaze with the desire for justice and aflame with the holy fire of liberty. A great moral issue is therefore at stake. An issue fundamental in character that must be settled and settled right before peace can come either in the industrial world or between nations.

Now the main cause of economic discontent is the merchants' secret price mark. For example the labor cost of a seventeen jeweled watch is \$2.50. The material of the watch is worth the same amount. Such a watch is retailed at \$25, giving the distributor a profit of \$20. The injustice of the transaction is hidden from view by the merchants secret price mark. This false principle pervades the whole field of commerce and applies not only to machine products but to farm products as well. It is this false principle, that the service of distribution is a higher service than that of production, that is rousing the soul of mankind against the injustice. It is this evil that is overcrowding our cities with boys and girls from the country, degrading skilled labor, making agricultural pursuits a by word and fostering economic unrest and class war. Let us take a few other examples to illustrate. Eastern farmers receive five and one-half cents per quart for milk which is retailed in the city of New York at eighteen cents a quart, giving the distributor a profit of twelve cents a quart. Oyster farmers on the Eastern seaboard receive eighteen cents a quart for oysters. These are retailed in Washington at eighty cents a quart. Thus the cost of marketing eighteen cents worth of food amounts to the staggering figure of sixty-two cents, giving the middleman a profit nearly four times in excess of cost price. Here we see that the marketing cost of farm products cost from two to ten times the initial cost of food. This is the real secret of the high cost of living. This evil is the root of all wars, of the exploitation of weak peoples by strong, of unemployment, and overcrowding in our large cities, and of nearly all the poverty and social miseries of our modern civilization.

Now the Irish Co-operative system offers a permanent and efficient remedy for the high cost of distribution, and insures the complete overthrow

of the food trusts, who at present control the forces that are re-making the world. The co-operative societies in Ireland, controlled by the Sinn Fein clubs took possession of the food supply of the country. Markets were established under their control, where the food products were bought and sold almost at cost price. The co-operative groups of farmers had their own agents who delivered food at the market or local town, carrying it by car to the city when the railroads refused their rates. Here it was sold to the people in the co-operative stores at cost price plus the cost of transportation. The middlemen and railroad profiteers were cut out altogether. Thus a little island of scarcely four and one-half million people not only supplied all the wants of its own people but were able to supply the English markets as well at an enormous profit to themselves. The Sinn Fein marketing plan worked with such wonderful thoroughness that the Imperialist government of great Britain did not disdain to deport the Irish Food Controller to the United States as he happened to be an American citizen. A grateful people however showed their appreciation of his work by unanimously electing him a member of the Dail Eireann or Republican Parliament.

The Sinn Fein marketing plan has a counterpart in the Parkview plan initiated in Washington where the public schools of the Parkview district have been used as collecting centres for food. This is transferred to Washington by trucks loaned by the Post Office and the Parkview school is used as a distributing centre from which the children carry the family supply home from school. By this plan the marketing plan of a bushel of potatoes was cut down ninety-two cents, half of which went to the farmer and the other half to the consumer. Also the cost of marketing a can of oysters was reduced from eighty cents to forty cents, giving the farmer double his former price, and reducing the former cost by half for the consumer. The Washington plan however is faulty inasmuch as it is only local and temporary; whereas the co-operative system extends over a whole nation and is as indestructible as the people themselves.

The economic basis of the Irish Republican Commonwealth is therefore founded on direct relations between consumer and producer. This is what gives it its stability and power and renders its position unique among the nations. George Creel in his book "Ireland's Fight for Freedom" has shown that not only can Ireland stand alone as a nation but that her trade volume with great Britain is second only to that of the United States. He has shown by official statistics that Ireland economically is a unit and that Orangeman and Catholic alike have helped to build up the Irish Co-operative Commonwealth. This is the challenge the young democracy of the Irish people flings to the peoples of the world today. Overthrow the economic autoeracies and food trusts and establish the reign of the Co-operative Commonwealth. This is the message that young Ireland brings to the New World and asks for its support and recognition.

Phases of Modern Spiritism

Scientific Spiritism commences with the formation of the Society for Psychical Research in London in 1885. The Spiritualist Movement however goes back in varying forms for half a century, and claims America for its home, with the Fox sisters as the original mediums. The movement has been remarkable because of the incredulity of the great leaders of the scientific world in the reality of spirit manifestations, to mention only a few such lights as Tyndal, Farraday and Huxley.

The researches of such distinguished scientists as Professor Richet of France, Sir William Crookes and Sir Oliver Lodge of England, Lambroso of Italy and Crawford of Belfast, have finally established beyond all question the reality of psychic phenomena.

After a series of exhaustive experiments, extending over a number of years, and attested to by unimpeachable witnesses, they have proved the existence of forces hitherto unknown to science and also, what is more important—the existence of intelligences similar to, but distinct from our own—exerting and directing these forces.

Since the formation of the Society of Psychical research, which now counts among its members some of the leading men in science and philosophy in Europe and America, numerous other associations have been established with similar objects, all over the Continent. A voluminous literature has grown up around the subject, and the war has given birth to a numerous crop of mediums of which the two most famous are Eusapia Palladino of Italy and Mrs. Piper of Boston. The works of Professor Crawford of Belfast, and the public lectures of Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge in England, have created a world wide interest in spiritism at the present time.

The phenomena of the seance and the condition under which they are produced, are now generally well known. You will find that new slates, enclosed in a package fresh from the shop, can be written over with answers to questions put down on paper, not seen by the medium, and still remaining in his visitor's pocket. You will find that tables and other objects, even persons themselves are raised from the ground absolutely without any apparent support. Pianos with locked keyboards are played, bells are carried in the air and rung, loud rappings are performed, and phantom spirits appear at the request of the investigator. Professor Crawford of Belfast, by an ingenious series of experiments, has shown the direction and force and location of the psychical substance, and the entire *modus operandi* of the operators, as far as physical science can show it. The "astral" matter drawn from the body of the medium has been photographed, and even the weight of the spirit forms has been measured. The occult healing of incurable disease by the "spirit" doctor is also a common phenomenon, though as attested by Dr. Raupert, the healing process is only apparent but never permanent, and always accompanied by loss of faith and moral principles. Many other real marvels are worked and their number is increasing daily.

The stupendous problem then that confronts the human mind to-day is to discover what are the intelligences which perform these marvels and make the communications vouched for by them?

The natural supposition to most people is that they are what they pretend to be, that is to say departed human beings. But as the researches of Raupert and other distinguished investigators have shown that this is absurd, and as the spirits themselves have frequently declared that they impersonate the dead, we have to seek some other explanation. The frequent resemblance between the spirit forms and some dead person is easily explained by the theory of Dr. Raupert that the spirit intelligence can abstract the images of the dead relative from the minds of the "sitters" and implant it on the phantom form. This also explains why the impersonating spirit is never exactly identical with the dead person but always lacks some essential features. No human mind can have a perfect mental picture of any personality in all its entirety, hence the discrepancies.

However, it is only when we consider the religious system of the spiritist movement, as set forth by Conan Doyle and other writers, that we realize the terrible import and immoral tendencies of this pagan cult. For the new religious teaching amounts to nothing more than pure Pantheism. The spirits are more or less unanimous in declaring that there is no heaven, hell or purgatory; that in the world beyond all are progressing and improving, that there is no God as we understand it, or that he has no personality; that Christ was only a good man, possessed of mediumistic powers, and that he offered no sacrifice for sin; finally that we need not believe in him in any special way; that in any case his teaching was lost in the early church and that our present day code of morals is only pure convention. These sordid and palpable falsehoods however, have been introduced gradually by the cunning spirits, for in Catholic countries, where such ideas might be too rude a shock, the teaching of the seances is somewhat on Catholic lines. In other countries too, the teaching of the spirits is according to the most prevalent religious ideas, departures however being cautiously introduced.

In view of these facts, and of the testimony of distinguished investigations like Dr. Godfrey Raupert that those who have recourse to the practice of spiritism, in every instance end in mental and moral ruin, and are finally claimed by premature death or insanity, we are thrown back on Catholic theology for a final explanation. Catholic theology teaches as a matter of faith that there are non-human spirits that never had a body, and this is supported by the testimony of Holy Scripture. Moreover the fact of diabolic possession, quite common in China in the present day, and occasionally occurring thru all history up to the present time, is freely admitted by all who take the trouble to examine the evidence. We know then that unembodied spirits exist, that are not human and not divine, and the fact that some of them are devils is simply unquestionable to those who have studied the subject. Although we cannot demonstrate conclusively that in seances no genuine communication is ever made by dead persons, the evidence is overwhelming that the spirits communicating are either devils or lost human souls subject to devils in hell.

Even the most ardent disciples of the spiritist cult admit the discordance of the spirits in their testimony as to life beyond the grave, as to the nature of God and of Christ and other important matters, and their inability to give conclusive proofs of identity. When one reads such books as "The New Revelation" by Conan Doyle, and "Raymond," by Sir Oliver Lodge and beholds the state of imbecility to which the practice of spiritism has reduced such towering and noble intellects, we are forcibly reminded of the words of Holy Writ: "Let there not be found among you any one that consulteth pythonic spirits, or fortune telling or that seeketh the truth from the dead, for the Lord abhorreth all these things (Deut. XVIII. II). And finally the warning of St. Paul should suffice to prevent us from giving heed to the teaching of Spiritism or in his own words "to spirits of error and doctrines of devils" manifested though they now unquestionably are "in all power, and signs and lying wonders."

The most extraordinary phase however of the Spiritist movement to-day is the fact that it makes its chief appeal to the Anglo-Saxon people. New England was its original home, and all the fathers of the movement (if I might call them so), as well as its most renowned mediums were New Englanders. Gradually however as the Anglo-Saxon element dwindled, and New England became New Ireland in fact, if not in name, the Spiritist movement also dwindled and died out. The laughing, merry deeply spiritual Celt would hold no intercourse with the "powers of darkness." But the American medium found a congenial and profitable market for his wares in the mother country. Hence in the early Seventies the movement in England received a tremendous impetus from the advent of Daniel Douglas Home, the Davenport Brothers and Henry Slade, and since then England has been the home and nursery of Spiritism.

While looking over some English papers recently, the writer was astonished at the extraordinary increase in the number of churches, particularly in London, which are dedicated to the spiritist religion. So many of the leading intellects of England to-day have declared their belief in this so-called revelation that it is a possibility that at no remote period this cult will be made the official state religion of the country. The continuous stream of literature on the new teaching that is issued daily from the British press, the popularity of the seance among the ruling classes, and the claims of writers and scientific leaders that England is ready to give the world a new religion, gives us some idea how deeply this damnable cult has eaten into the soul of this great but arrogant people.

The Anglo-Saxon race to-day dominates the world. They claim lands and peoples, sea, and air, as their natural inheritance. The cry of a Tagore in India and of a De Valera in Dublin is lost amid the rattle of musketry, the roar of artillery and the haunting spectres of mighty battle fleets. An American President mixes with Indian rajahs and turbaned potentates "from darkest Africa" in the glittering halls of English Royalty and barter peoples and provinces at the beck and smile of "perfidious Albion." The Anglo-Saxon riots over the whitened bones of Dublin martyrs and dusky Egyptian heroes; he has debased and conquered his greatest natural enemy the scientific Teuton, and successfully parried the chastening influence of the great democracy of the West by buying its press and many of its leaders, and by sending his

princes to riot, at the public expense, in the storied halls of its chief Executive. But it seems that this day of his glory and triumph will be short lived, for the Anglo-Saxon race today is in the grip of the "powers of darkness" as sure as Rome was in the grip of the Hun, and France in the grip of the Prussian—and the penalty is sure and inevitable—complete extinction. The Angle-Saxons are a race of materialists whose diplomacy is built on falsehood and whose greatness is based on might, and it would seem that this is the providential way through all history for punishing peoples for their lack of faith, moral laxity, and brutal treatment of subject races. It was the punishment of the Egyptians of old and later of the Chosen People themselves, and the victorious Anglo-Saxon of today may likewise be the outcast of the nations of the future. Is it any wonder that a few of the great thinking minds of England stand aghast before the chaos that threatens to engulf the race. It was a consciousness of this moral and spiritual degradation of his countrymen, and of this awful punishment that forced the great G. K. Chesterton to declare recently to an American authoress that the revival of Celtic civilization was the only salvation of Western Europe. And this is the reason why Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and a few other great Englishmen, realize that the recognition of the Irish nation is a spiritual necessity for mankind, and that the Celts are the only hope for the spiritual regeneration of the English people. The fight for Irish freedom then is not merely a fight for a great political issue, but a religious crusade to save the soul of Europe. It was the Celt who gave Europe her finest literature and her noblest art; it was the Celt who gave Europe in the person of O'Connell, her highest ideals of democracy, it was the Celt in the person of Michael Davitt, who gave England her great labor party, and it was the Celt who inspired those high ideals of journalism that saved the cause of the Allies. To-day the broken heart of Europe is again crying out to the Celt to open his spiritual store-house to the starved and-God forsaken nations, and to save those ideals for which countless Christian martyrs have fought and bled. No! Indeed this fight for Ireland's freedom is no mere political issue, but a crusade against the "powers of hell and darkness," more momentous in its consequences, and more awful in its failure, than any movement since the great Roman Pontiff called forth the strength of Christianity to save Christianity from the incursions of the unspeakable Turk.



Men of the Hour

One of the most interesting phenomena in American life is the fact in every great crisis of American history, she has developed leaders whose genius and peculiar talents helped her to pursue the even tenor of her great destiny, in spite of the clashing rivalries of hostile nations, and often of the perfidy or partisan politics of some of her own unworthy sons. Twice in a century has the American Republic faced destruction and twice has she emerged glorious and triumphant, redeemed by the simple genius of a martyred son like Lincoln, or the uncompromising Americanism of a Monroe and a Madison.

Once again this glorious land of freedom is face to face with a mighty crisis and the issues are vast and far reaching. Is America to become a unit in the chess-board of European diplomacy or continue to be a free unfettered nation—a glorious super-race—blazing the way of light and progress for the less favored races of humanity? Are Americans to live peaceably in their own land with their inalienable right “to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,” lending a helping hand to the down-trodden and oppressed of all lands, or become policemen in a world hegemony of Anglo-Saxon domination? Are American history and traditions to be laid aside and the American Republic to become a super-colony of the British Commonwealth, a single unit in a firm of six members, and out-voted six to one? The leaders of true American sentiment say “never,” but their protests are almost drowned by the noise and clamor of a subsidized press and an unscrupulous oligarchy of wealth. It should, therefore, be of paramount interest to all true Americans to know something of the lives of the men who in the past have maintained the spirit and teachings of the great Washington, and who are today fighting against fearful odds for the maintenance of American independence.

There is one race at least who will not hesitate to state that Judge Daniel Cohalan of New York City is the greatest living American and the most fearless exponent of true American democracy. Be that as it may, Daniel Florence Cohalan of the Supreme Court of New York is a leader whose influence and constructive statesmanship is known to European fame. There is one European government at least who would like to purchase his power, or silence his tongue forever.

This distinguished jurist was born in New York of Irish parents in 1867. He was educated by the Christian Brothers at Manhattan College and graduated in law at the early age of twenty-one. He has had a brilliant career at the New York bar, and in the political life of America. He was Democratic delegate to the National Convention at St. Louis in 1904 and again in 1908. He is the main author of all the city and state platforms and of the platform submitted to the Democratic National Convention in 1908. He has been a justice of the Supreme Court of New York since 1911 and is one of the greatest forensic orators at the New York bar. He is the greatest American champion of Irish Freedom and has risked his fame and fortune in the cause of Ireland so much so that his loyalty to America has been questioned by the Anglophile press

of New York. He was signally vindicated, however, before the courts and the leading organs of British opinion in New York eat the dust by publicly apologizing for slander.

Judge Cohalan was chairman of the recent Irish race Convention in Philadelphia and was mainly responsible for the selection of the Dunne-Walsh Commission to the Peace Conference and later on to the Irish people themselves. His exposition of the "Fourteen Points" was so disagreeable to a distinguished American President that he publicly snubbed him on a famous occasion in New York. This action, however, of the Chief Executive, only revealed the true greatness of the man, for instead of withdrawing with the Irish peace delegation of which he was spokesman, and who were waiting for the President, to interview him on the freedom of Ireland, he stated he would willingly swallow the insult, as the cause was greater than any one man.

Equally famous, tho in another sphere is the celebrated controversialist and journalist priest, Dr. Peter Yorke of San Francisco. Dr. Yorke is a native of Galway, where he was born in 1864. He was educated in Maynooth and at St. Mary's College, Baltimore and later on pursued a post-graduate course at the Catholic University, Washington. At the end of his course in Washington the brilliant young ecclesiastic was offered the chair in Oriental languages, but his bishop wanted him in the mission field of California. The meteoric career of Dr. Yorke is a matter of Californian history. He has been successively editor of the Monitor, Regent of the University of California, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of San Francisco and Editor of the Leader. He has achieved fame as a journalist, an educationalist, a writer, an orator and a labor leader. He has revolutionized the labor world of the Pacific coast, and taught the worker how to win his rights by organization and peaceful agitation. He has made and broken governors and political leaders and he has made the Catholic press a living and mighty power in the West. His defense of Catholic doctrines against the attacks of ignorant bigots has revealed him as one of the greatest controversialist writers of modern times. So pleasing was his work to the authorities in Rome that in 1906 he was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity by special decree of the Congregation of Studies. The Yorke-Wendte Controversy is one of the traditions of the golden State. His vitriolic pen has lashed presidents, governments, hierarchies and kings, always in the cause of justice and truth. He has molded the public opinion of the Pacific Coast; and made the Irish name to be loved and revered where it was once a by word and a shame. As an ecclesiastic he is acknowledged to have the most constructive mind in the Church. Yet withal Fr. Peter Yorke, as he is known and loved among his own people, is a simple, ascetic, humorous, sagart aoon, a good friend, a kind host, and a true apostle of Christ. He is vice-president of the Friends of Irish Freedom, and is the best informed living American on Irish history, literature and traditions. His recent pamphlet, "Ireland and America," is a masterly defense of the Sinn Fein policy, and one of the most powerful pieces of invective since Burke's speech against Warren Hastings. It is the masterpiece of a genius of the pen.

In the political arena two great names stand out pre-eminent Senator Hiram Johnson of California and Senator William Borah of Idaho. Senator Johnson is the Nemesis of the Paris Peace conference, and the stormy

petrel of American politics. Pious ministers of the Reformed Churches make him a text for their highest flights of sacred eloquence comparing him to the Beast of the Apocalypse. Possessed of a mind of rare analytic power, at once bold, clear and decisive, he has laid before the American people in all its nakedness and subtle chicanery the most colossal fraud of all history—the document of the League of Nations. Framed with a cunning and power, that reveals in every line the master hand of British diplomacy he has exposed it, article by article, as one of the most gigantic conspiracies of all time to place the nations of the world under the heel of Anglo-Saxon domination.

Senator Hiram Johnson was born in Sacramento in 1866 and was educated at the University of California. He studied law in his father's office and after admission to the bar, he practiced law in Sacramento till 1902. He removed to San Francisco and was employed as one of a firm of lawyers in prosecuting prominent city officials for graft. He was elected governor of California in 1911 and again in 1915. He resigned in 1917 and was elected United States Senator for California.

He is the founder of the Progressive Party and has been a candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States. Destiny seems to point to Hiram Johnson as the future President and his warm advocacy of the Irish cause and fearless independence qualifies him as the one man who could solve the most pressing international question of the hour. Lincoln redeemed American honor from the disgrace of the slave trade, and Providence seems to point to Hiram Johnson as the future Lincoln who will vindicate American honor and principles by acknowledging the Irish Republican government at Washington, and freeing forever the last victims of militarism.

Senator Johnson has an able ally in Senator William Borah of Idaho—the lion of the great Northwest. William Edgar Borah was born in Fairfield, Ill., in 1866. He received his education at the University of Kansas and after graduating from law school practiced law there for a year. He afterward removed to Boise, Idaho, and has lived there since 1891. He became Senator for Idaho in 1903 and still represents that State in the Upper House.

Senator Borah is the most determined and uncompromising enemy of the League of Nations, which he wants rejected root and branch. He is a powerful orator, and has been received everywhere with popular ovations. He was the first to expose the infamy of the Shantung settlement, on which the fate of the Peace treaty now rests. Senator Borah is also one of the most ardent advocates in the Senate for the acknowledgement of the Irish Republic by that body. Borah and Johnson are the two most formidable opponents of the Anglo-Saxon clique in the Republic. Senator Johnson by his amendment to the League of Nations giving America the same number of votes as Great Britain has placed the latter faction in the horns of a dilemma and practically assumed the final rejection of the pact, or if passed, its complete nullification in the minds of the people. No charge of hyphenism or pro-Germanism can be brought against these two great leaders of American opinion and this fact makes their power and influence all the more formidable.

Another American statesman who is much in the limelight at present is Congressman William Mason of Illinois. He introduced a measure in Congress asking the United States Government to support the claims of

Ireland to self determination and succeeded in having the motion passed by both Houses. Recently he introduced a measure asking the government to appropriate a yearly sum for the payment of an ambassador and a consular service to the Irish Republican government in Dublin. The measure has been favorably reported on, but its ultimate success will depend on the rejection or ratification of the League of Nations by the Senate.

William Ernest Mason was born in New York in 1850 and educated in the public schools. He was admitted to the bar in 1872 and was elected to the Illinois General Assembly in 1879. He became a Senator in 1881 and is now generally recognized as one of our ablest statesmen. He has helped to make the Irish question an American question and one which must be ultimately settled by the voice of the American nation speaking thru its representatives at Washington. For this great work he deserves the gratitude of all liberty-loving Americans.

George Creel is the most recent of the public men of the day to throw in his lot with the followers of Sinn Fein. His visit to Ireland and his study of conditions there roused his American spirit and determined him to raise his voice and use his pen in the cause of freedom and fair-play. In his recent book, "Ireland's Fight for Freedom," he has analyzed the whole Irish controversy and arraigned the British nation before the bar of world opinion for high crimes and misdemeanors, and for the most brutal and heartless oppression of a single people, for which history affords no parallel. He draws his facts principally from English statistical records and condemns the British Policy in Ireland from the mouths of Englishmen themselves. His book has had a tremendous publicity thru the American press, and has roused sentiment in the United States in favor of Irish Independence, that all the efforts of the propagandist press cannot stifle. His book is a landmark in American political history and may be compared to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in its magic influence on the public opinion of the nation. "Ireland's Fight for Freedom" is probably the greatest indictment ever penned of British injustice, hypocrisy and perfidy.

George Creel is a native of New York, where he was born in 1877. He has been successively Editor of the Denver Post, Rocky Mountain News, and Kansas City Star. He was appointed Chairman of the Committee on Public Information by President Wilson in 1917, a position he held until the end of the war. He is the author of several books and pamphlets and is a popular magazine writer. It is men like George Creel and Floyd Gibbons who have saved the honor of American journalism, and upset the plans of Northcliffe and his agents to corrupt and destroy the freedom of our Press.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis! Twelve months ago Mayor Thompson of Chicago was one of the best hated and best abused, public men in America. Yet the voters of Chicago re-elected him as their Mayor with a huge majority and the Irish-American press places him in the list of great Americans. The hireling press with the unconscious irony of fate, has made William Hale Thompson a National character. Even his enemies admit, that right or wrong, William Hale Thompson stands by his principles. He called himself an American Sinn Feiner at a time when pro-German and Sinn Fein were considered synonymous. He stood up for free speech, when to do so was a crime and tantamount to

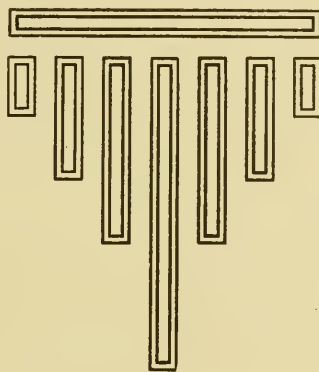
treason. He refused to receive an English Plenipotentiary and heaped the honors of the City on a De Valera, and the mob shouts with joy that Big Bill Thompson cannot be bought. And who can deny that the great big heart of the people is generally right. The Pro-British press of the Republic has voted Mayor Thompson a socialist, a Pro-German and an anti-American and Mayor Thompson retorts that these words were coined at the Northcliffe headquarters in London, and scattered broadcast by venal journalists for American consumption. Since Lord Northcliffe has confessed the fact, it admits of no further argument. The average American worker seems somehow convinced that where a certain section of the press pillories a public man, he must have some genuine greatness in him. And so Mayor Thompson still represents America's second greatest city, and no titled English lordling, or hireling autocrat, will desecrate its sacred precinct as long as William Hale Thompson holds the keys.

The American life has been cursed by the Elliots, and Butlers and Lowells, still there is one University president at least who deserves the title of a great American. Fr. Frances McCabe, President of the De Paul University, Chicago, is known to fame as an orator, a scholar and a writer whose controversial abilities are well known in the Presidential sanctums of Harvard and Yale. His voice has been raised in stern rebuke against the Elliots and Abbots, and the others disciples of Nietzsche who would reduce the documents, on which our religious beliefs are founded, to "scraps of paper." His voice has been raised in the cause of Ireland when other voices were still, and his tongue has been eloquent in its defense, when other tongues were silent.

The Rev. Francis X. McCabe was born in New Orleans in 1872. He studied for the Priesthood in Vincentian Order and was ordained at St. Mary's Seminary, Mobile. He is Doctor of Laws of the Illinois College of Law and also an honorary Doctor of Laws of Notre Dame University. He has done mission work in Chicago, St. Louis and New Orleans. He has acted as President of De Paul University since 1910. His most popular pamphlet is "Are All Men Created Free and Equal?" and his ablest essay is his answer to Dr. Elliot of Harvard entitled "Science and Religion."

The members of the Irish Peace Commission to Paris, Ex-Governor Edward F. Dunne of Illinois, and Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, are so well known to the American public that biographical sketches of their lives would be superfluous. Frank P. Walsh is the real representative of American labor, tho we are blessed with an English importation, who lays a spurious claim to that title. When the Walsh-Dunne Commission reached Paris, the Irish question was a dead issue laid to rest by the gentle idealist of the White House lest it should interfere with the digestion of the little Welsh opportunist,—Lloyd George. But Frank P. Walsh, speaking for the great proletariat of America, woke that issue into a living, terrible, reality, which no president or premier dare defy with impunity. The Walsh-Dunne Commission was apparently a failure so far as achieving any practical results are concerned, but it raised the Irish question from English domestic politics to an international issue, nay indeed, to an American issue on which stands or falls the honour and loyalty of America to the principles for which she declared war, and spent her blood and treasure. And for the first time in history it gave oracular proof to the

Irish people themselves, by the presence among them of American plenipotentiaries representative of the American people, that America had not forgotten what she owed to Ireland, and that the great heart of the American people was beating in sympathy with their aspirations, and only awaited an opportune time to put their sympathy into practical form. The presence in the Emerald Isle of the Walsh-Dunne Commission had an electrical effect on the whole nation, and by its indorsement of the Republican government in Dublin practically placed the seal of American approval upon it. That approval once given can never be withdrawn. The Republic has come to stay.



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